Enemy Assets—the $500,000,000 Question

June 14, 1956 25¢

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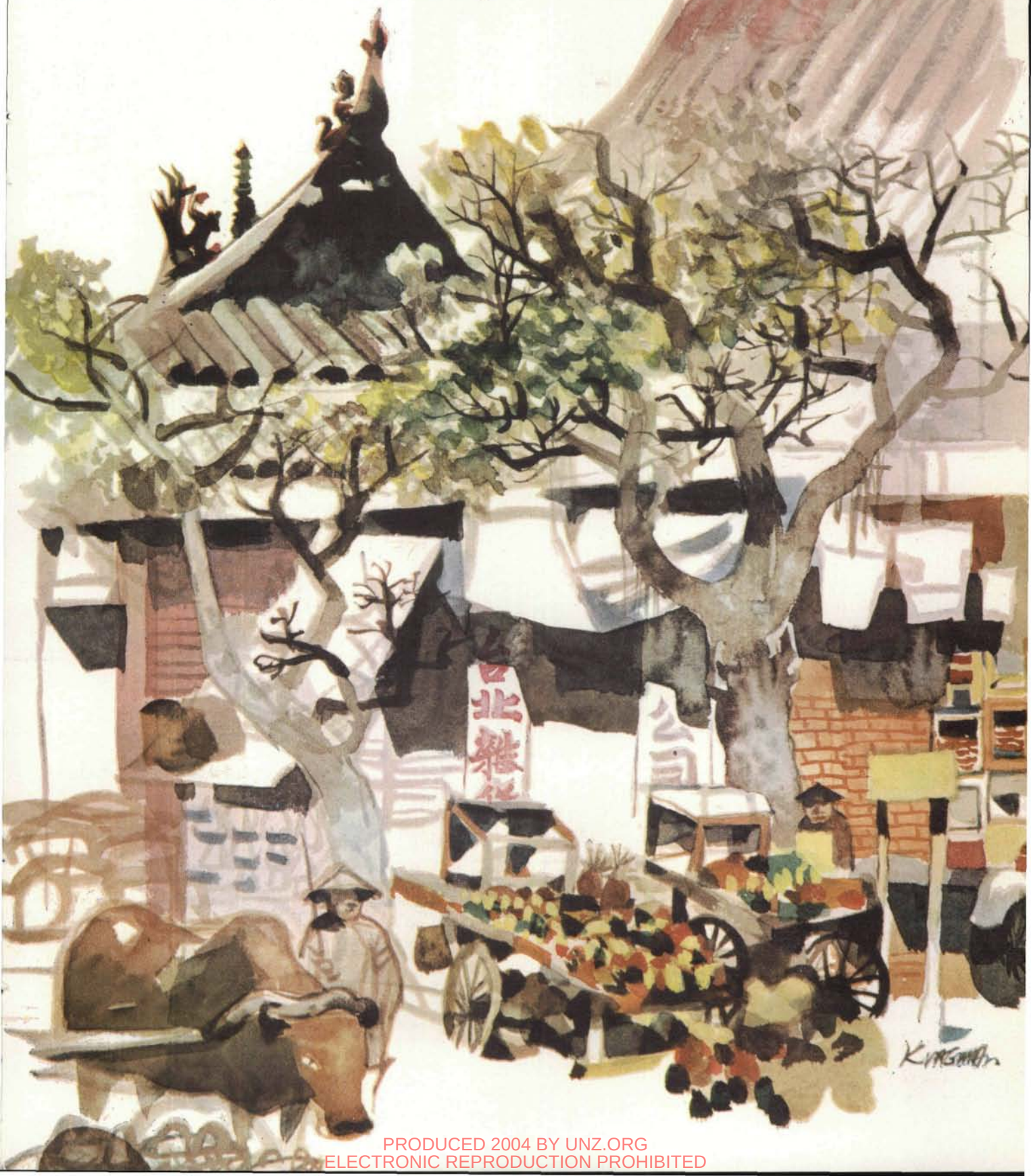
THE REPORTER



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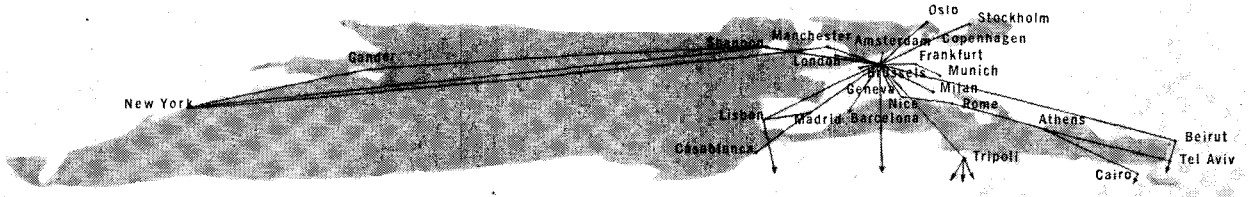

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Certainly

These have been dog days and there seems to be no end in sight. We are not talking about the weather. We are talking about what has been happening lately to people like ourselves—to people whose business it is to report and comment on politics, national and international, and yet have no inclination whatsoever to play politics; people stubbornly independent of partisan or factional commitments yet sensible enough to shun the pretense of speaking for the Independents-at-large, with a capital "I." The best an independent can do is to be himself, which is a rather exacting affair, particularly for those who are burdened with the responsibility of expressing and articulating their independence in print.

For such people, as we were saying, these are dog days. Many things are happening in what's called the political arena that we do not feel like reporting or commenting about. We hope they will soon be forgotten, and to speed them on their way to total oblivion we keep as mum as we can. So, for instance, we have avoided commenting editorially on the way the latest Democratic primaries have gone and on the competitive panhandling for votes. We have too vivid and grateful a memory of the leadership Adlai Stevenson offered our nation four years ago, and we cannot give up hoping and praying that once the silly season of primaries is over, the same voice that we found then so stirring will make itself heard again. Hoping and praying, however, is something that can best be done in silence.

SOMETIMES we have the queer feeling that the world of politics in which we live and work has gone topsy-turvy, and that what some of our leaders say is entirely correct, but the other way around. Never has such a feeling hit us so forcefully and painfully as when, in the President's recent speech, we read these words: "Certainly the prestige of the United States since the last World War has never been as high as it is this day."

The key word is *certainly*. It gives, if not an authoritarian, certainly an authoritative ring to the whole statement. When we read that sentence we gulped, for what it says is utterly incredible. The President himself, in a press conference, had recently stated that although "there is too much pessimism expressed about the world today . . . ," as he put it, "we are making some progress, although it is slow and tortuous and, at times, disappointing." At another press conference he had complained that our "purposes and aims, clear as they are to us, are not well understood abroad."

Now his obvious change of mind finds its massive documentation in that word *certainly*. That stirs us to see quite a number of other things in the same perspective that the President does.

According to the same speech, our Soviet opponents are somehow mending their ways, "are more concerned with development of consumer goods," and let laborers quit one job to go to another. *Certainly,* we are inclined to add, our liberation policy is yielding results: The leaders of the Soviet Union have decided to undertake the liberation of their own people.

Certainly, we can add, the prospects for the constant growth of our economy have never been any brighter. The automobile factories in Detroit are just humming, we have the fullest full employment, and installment buying can just keep on growing in geometrical proportion.

In the same speech, the President has told us that he knows he has been ill only because doctors keep reminding him of it. Therefore, any concern for his health can just be dismissed and people can stop worrying about his running mate. *Certainly* Nixon is a personable young man of distinction, who, to

WIN WITH HYPNOSIS

Relax now, gently, slowly, breathing low,
Believe what I say, you have no will, no will,
You are happy the way things are, you rest, you rest
In the lap of your father. See his kindly face,
He will comfort you; he will tell you all is well,
You will never question whether all is well
So long as he smiles. He is above the world,
Above the fighting of black and white, of East and West,
Of man and man, above the meaning of words.
He is wrapped in the glory of your imaginings,
A haloed hollow; he is above himself.
Come to your loving father, come and rest,
It is all for the best, lie in his arms and sleep. . . .

And now you are hypnotized. You will not hear
The fractious calls to reason, the danger cries,
The rattle of arms; you are dreaming of a smile,
An old man's smile, and listening to words
That cannot disturb more than a lullaby.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, June 14, 1956, Volume 14, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1956 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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use a favorite Republican phrase, is as clean as a hound's tooth.

We have done it; we have looked at things from the President's viewpoint, jet-propelled by that *certainly*. The exercise hasn't been too hard. We only have an uneasy feeling in the pit of our stomach. But these are dog days.

The Hard Sell

We have always wondered whether the employees of the Madison Avenue advertising agencies communicate with each other the way they do with the rest of us. Now we have come into possession of a personal letter from the vice-chairman of a leading advertising agency, written to staff members. To put it bluntly, it is a memo from the boss putting the bite on the underlings for campaign funds for President Eisenhower.

It is all said very discreetly. "I do not know whether you are Republican, Democrat, or Independent," wrote the executive, "but I do know that as a successful member of the advertising profession you must have an interest in perpetuating the sound economy and business expansion which have been characteristic of the last four years." The boss added that he himself had so strong an interest that he was going to devote every moment he could spare during the next three months to "convincing people in our profession that they have a responsibility—a personal and a family interest—in seeing that a climate of business confidence is preserved."

This was by no means an idle appeal. The agency, it was made clear, had to serve as the pace setter in contributions for all other advertising agencies. "I will readily admit that I want our Republican friends, both in and outside of our clients' organizations, to be proud of these standards."

As a hint to the recalcitrant and the niggardly, the vice-chairman mentioned that he had already talked to thirty people in the New York office. The results, as an advertising man might say, were 1,000 per cent. Only one of the thirty contributions was for less than $250.

"Is one per cent (1%) of your gross income too much to give if you feel it will help insure four more sound-economy years, and lay the foundation for the period of business expansion predicted by all economists . . . What might it mean to you personally if Eisenhower were not re-elected? What would happen to the growth of our own company if we faced an extended period of business uncertainty?" Then he moved in with the final pitch: "A pledge slip is attached. You can pay it in installments if you prefer. Come in and talk with me personally, if there are any questions you'd like to have answered."

The memo was dated May 22, and the boss asked: "Could you let me have your answer by May 25th . . .?" It is a smooth letter all right, and it certainly packs a wallop.

Political Soap Opera

Any television addict knows what politicians in the hour-long dramas are like: noble and exciting fellows, given to lengthy soliloquies on the high responsibilities of politics, tempted continually by readily identifiable forces of evil, but always able, particularly in third acts, to decide heroically against them. Wendell Corey, on Westinghouse's "Studio One," decides not to use the nasty information he had found against his opponent, and makes one of the most thrilling non-speeches ever not heard on the Senate floor. Claude Rains, on the Alcoa "Television Playhouse," defies an unpleasant chap, plainly labeled Political Boss, and goes on to win the Presidency anyway.

The grand alternatives between which these politicians get to choose are helpfully divided into one that is Right and one that is Wrong, and they are carefully separated from that complicated and impersonal world of parties, interests, and groups that is just a sort of a vague, anonymous background to their highly colorful personal adventures.

On a Monday night last month, though, there was an hour's program on ABC, originating from Miami, that was obviously the work of a script-writer who didn't know what he was doing. There were these two tired fellows sitting side by side and talking quietly to each other, or somebody, about the H-bomb, or guided missiles, or something. One of them was tall and the other was short, one was more jumpy, the other more soft-spoken and plodding, one was bald and the other had plenty of hair.

They had the same message to tell, though, and it was just a case of who could say it first and best. The tall one had his left collar tip pointing out of his coat all evening, perhaps as a not entirely accidental touch of homeyness; the short one had his more moderate collar buttoned down. They said it wasn't the particular candidate that mattered so much as something else—his "ahdeas" as the tall one said, "profound convictions" according to the short one.

It was as though the main elements of the drama were not in their hands or even represented on the screen. You couldn't for the life of you determine who the hero was, or find the evil against which he was going to decide at the end, and you kept waiting and waiting for a third act that never came.

The Postman Didn't Ring

Nobody would claim that Alexander Wiley, the genial Republican senior Senator from Wisconsin, is the hardest-working pro-Eisenhower legislator in Congress. But on the hard issues of foreign policy, the ranking Republican member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has been faithful to the President and steady.

Senator Wiley is up for re-election this year, and the pro-McCarthy, pro-isolationist forces in Wisconsin have been thinking for some time about how to get rid of him. However, as the state Republican convention approached, it looked as if Wiley's chances of party endorsement were very good. A secret ballot taken by the state Republican organization showed that he was far ahead of every other nominee in the favor of G.O.P. voters.

There ensued a succession of interesting events. On May 25, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield arrived in Milwaukee to be the keynoter at the state convention. In his speech, Summerfield, considered to be the President's

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spokesman, roundly praised Governor Kohler but failed to mention Senator Wiley. At its conclusion, he shook hands warmly with Senator McCarthy, who came up on the platform, and then moved down to chat with Walter Harnischfeger and William J. Grede, two Milwaukee industrialists prominent in G.O.P. politics who have been actively isolationist and pro-McCarthy.

Summerfield, as he left the auditorium, ran into Wiley, who asked, jokingly, why the Postmaster General hadn't found a kind word to say for him. Summerfield said it was just an oversight and invited Wiley to attend a small reception he was holding for his postal employees later that afternoon. On his way to the reception Wiley read an afternoon paper in which it was said that on his arrival in Milwaukee Summerfield gave a flat "No" when asked by reporters if he planned to mention Wiley in his speech. At the reception, Wiley exchanged some angry words with Summerfield about these overzealous efforts to appear completely neutral. Wiley, by the way, was the only speaker at the convention who defended the Administration's foreign policy.

MEANWHILE, the insurrection took on new life. Next morning, Harnischfeger and Grede promised to raise a $150,000 war chest to support Representative Glenn R. Davis, who had declined to be a Senatorial candidate after running 3-1 behind Wiley in the secret Republican poll. A friend of McCarthy, he voted with the Administration's foreign-policy measures only twenty-five per cent of the time in 1955, according to the *Congressional Quarterly*.

A number of Republican leaders who had remained faithful to Wiley dropped out after rumors were circulated that the choice was strictly a Wisconsin proposition and that the President didn't like Wiley anyway, especially after Wiley had opposed him on the first farm bill. On the third ballot Davis got the party endorsement.

Now Senator Wiley must run without party endorsement, without organization support, and almost without funds. His campaign should prove an interesting test of who is running the Republican Party.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE MIDDLE EAST

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's splendid article ("Israel: The Moment of Decision Goes By," *The Reporter*, May 17) was realistic and presented the true picture of an Israel which lives and acts with dignity. I am sure that the readers of *The Reporter* will profit by this accurate report of a country which seeks to live in peace with its neighbors and with the world at large.

DR. SIDNEY MARKS
Executive Director
Zionist Organization
of America
New York

To the Editor: We are happy to learn that it is Claire Sterling's opinion that the Israelis will not invade Egypt now or a year from now. The former head of the Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission, Commander Elmo H. Hutchinson, reports from a recent survey of the area that he can find no signs in any Arab country of preparations for an attack on Israel. If this is true on both sides, then we indeed have grounds for hope as to peace in the area.

WILLIAM ARCHER WRIGHT, JR.
Executive Secretary
American Friends
of the Middle East, Inc.
New York

THE NEGRO VOTE

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner's article entitled "The Negro Vote and the Democrats" (*The Reporter*, May 31) is very illuminating. It is comprehensive and gives a concise picture of the situation as it exists today.

Please congratulate Mr. Bendiner on his careful study and analysis of the Negro vote as it relates to the two major parties in the United States.

VAL J. WASHINGTON
Director of Minorities
Republican National Committee
Washington

To the Editor: Mr. Bendiner's article seems to me to be good reporting and fairly accurate analysis—as fair as one can make it in such an uncertain situation.

The characterization of Mr. Stevenson's early California statements—particularly his use of the word "gradualism"—as errors in semantics is apt and true.

ROY WILKINS
Executive Secretary
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People
New York

'MY BOY' AND POPPA

To the Editor: Upon reading "The Debating Career of Nixon" by William Lee Miller (*The Reporter*, April 19, 1956), one can only have mixed feelings of infuriation and dismay. The infuriation, of course, is because of these many apparent misdealings and double-dealings Nixon has given the American people, hoodwinking them all the way into the nation's second highest office. The dismay is because the American people have gullibly swallowed cloth coats, little dogs, and, most of all, "subversives in government" as issues in various campaigns rather than unexplained, dubious personal finances, questionable and issue-avoiding campaign tactics, and a record reeking with reactionary rubbish.

JERRY L. HOUSEMAN
San Clemente, California

To the Editor: Somebody is always trying to explain Vice-President Richard Nixon's unpopularity, but the true explanation, it came to me the other day in a flash, has to do with a more basic psychological fact than anybody heretofore has been willing to admit.

It's all very well for writers like David Lawrence and Westbrook Pegler to blame it on an insidious campaign being waged by Democrats and other pro-Communists determined to keep a few Reds in the government, and for writers like William Lee Miller and Richard Rovere to blame it on Nixon's unfair campaign tactics.

But those explanations in no way cover a large deposit of anti-Nixon sentiment I keep running into. I have a sizable circle of hereditary Republican acquaintances whose lack of interest in national politics completely insulates them against the type of campaign that Lawrence and Pegler have dreamed up. And as for how Nixon conducted himself in the last Senatorial campaign, they didn't even know there was one.

Still, I learned to my surprise, all I had to do to dim their delight in Eisenhower's decision to run again was to suggest what this might mean in regard to Nixon's future. They obviously considered it bad taste even to mention Nixon, though they knew no more about him than you would learn from looking at newspaper pictures—how he looked, that he tried assiduously to please the President, and that he had succeeded on several occasions.

This gave me the clue to the real explanation of the young man's unpopularity: If, as more than one sagacious observer of our folkways has suggested, the nation identifies the President with the father image, then the Vice-President is the hapless object of the nation's sibling rivalry.

Not everybody has been taken in by the glib salesman or bested by the wily debater, mentioned as Nixon prototypes in the recent article by William Lee Miller, but all of us have suffered the pangs of jealousy when the machinations of a rival have won him preference with a parent or teacher.

Much of the animosity directed at Nixon is clearly of the same sort that makes every other pupil in the room long to trip the well-scrubbed teacher's pet as he minces up the aisle with an apple. The fact that little

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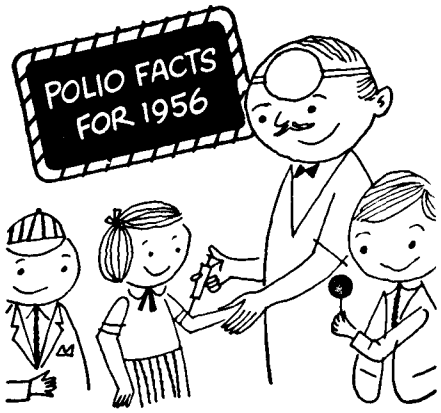

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(or big) angels with earnest miens and impeccable manners are often fakes is not the real explanation for the animosity in either case. The truth is that in a rival for the affections of an idol such qualities as industriousness, sincerity, and gentility are just as obnoxious if genuine as if phony, if not more so.

Nixon critics who would disclaim this motivation on the basis of anti-Eisenhower sentiments should remind themselves that love for the father figure is not an indispensable antecedent of virulent sibling rivalry.

ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS
Springfield, Missouri

To the Editor: After reading "Nixon Again" in "The Reporter's Notes" for May 17, I offer this definition of the young man: the Boy Scout with the switchblade knife.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

SEC

To the Editor: In the May 3 issue of your esteemed impartial magazine there is an amusing jingle by SEC, about golfing and fishing Presidents. SEC makes no mention in his "Petty Poesy" of the penchant of the great white father, Franklin D., for going fishing by way of the U.S. Navy. I think he was quite right in relaxing whenever he could.

However, I am wondering whether SEC's memory is short or whether perhaps, in the eyes of *The Reporter*, it may be proper for Democrats to do those things which in Republicans it considers reprehensible.

Yours for more golfers and fishermen in the White House.

EDWARD BECK
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: I never remember seeing in your correspondence columns any appreciation of SEC. I have no idea who this gentleman is but he is certainly a man of parts and a joy to all bedeviled liberals.

D. M. THISTLETHWAITE
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

'NESSFENESS'

To the Editor: This is to tell you how delighted the members of our Board and staff and I personally are about Marya Mannes's article "'Nessfeness' at Harvard" (*The Reporter*, May 31). It does something that has always been difficult—it brings our rather technical program to life and brings out its human values.

RICHARD L. PLAUT
Executive Vice-Chairman
National Scholarship Service
and Fund for Negro Students
New York

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's article on "Nessfeness" is well reported and deftly written. She has done a fine job with a difficult subject. It has been handled in an honest and direct manner which the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students appreciates very much.

JACQUELINE HARVEY
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE QUESTION of how to dispose of those properties taken over by the government during the war from the enemy that are still administered by the Office of Alien Property involves certain basic principles of law and justice that are at least as important as the amount of money at stake, staggering as it is. Both those who want to return such properties to former enemy nationals and those who, in fulfillment of pledges made, want to sell them for the benefit of citizens who suffered losses because of the war are fighting out their battle in the law courts and in the lobbies of Congress. On both sides are idealists as well as people with an ax to grind. The quarrel cuts across party lines. Bipartisanship, which does not always operate when it comes to foreign policy, seldom fails to work when substantial interests are involved. Here is a very complex affair, but we think that there is no public issue, however complex, that cannot be made clear to the intelligent reader by a sustained effort of fact finding, fact evaluation, interviewing, checking, and counterchecking. In every step in the preparation of this story **William Harlan Hale** has had the assiduous co-operation of **Charles Clift** and of our research staff.

A RECENT Herblock cartoon showed a distressed Eisenhower calling up U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold to ask him to use his talents to arrange an armistice between the three branches of our armed services. The outcome of the present conflict between them will affect our nation's diplomacy. If we insist on concentrating on weapons and carriers of ultimate destruction we shall reach the point where we shall have no other way of counteracting a limited enemy aggression than by making unlimited war—something that goes definitely against the grain. Therefore we must be equipped with what is needed to fight less than total wars. Can war be brought back to the battlefield? The Army seems to think so and perhaps the Russians think so too, if we are to judge from the reorganization of their military establishments. The article by our Washington Editor **Douglass Cater** and **A. T. Hadley,** former Defense Department and White House correspondent for *Newsweek*, describes the direction in which the Army seems to be groping in a search for new military units that will integrate the functions of all three services. It is clear that the so-called unification of the armed services must be made to mean more than their cohabitation within the Defense Department.

James P. Warburg looks at our major military system of alliances: If NATO is to be given renewed vigor it must be assigned new aims. Through co-operation it must build up the strength of its member nations not for war but for peace. Mr. Warburg, who served overseas with the OWI during the war, is a well-known writer on international affairs. His most recent book is *What Makes Our Foreign Policy.*

When it comes to creating messy situations in military affairs, the top brass has no monopoly. **Paul Southwick,** a UP Washington reporter, shows that Congress, when it puts its mind to it, can outdo the Pentagon at its worst.

Edmond Taylor, our Paris Correspondent, sends two on-the-spot vignettes from Algeria.

Paul Moor, who has written for the *New Yorker* and *Holiday* as well as for us, brings new documentation about something that our policy-makers are loath to recognize: Chancellor Adenauer is slipping.

Darrell Berrigan writes about Thailand's strong man, Field Marshal Pibul Songgram.

Tambimuttu is editor of *Poetry: London-New York*, a new bi-monthly magazine.

George W. Herald is with the Worldwide Press Service.

Nora Magid is on our staff.

Roger Maren has contributed several articles on music to *The Reporter.*

Madeleine Chapsal, who usually writes for *The Reporter* from Paris, is visiting this country.

Our cover is by **Dong Kingman.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 1

ENEMY ASSETS—
THE $500,000,000 QUESTION . . . . *William Harlan Hale and Charles Clift* 8

At Home & Abroad

THE ARMY'S BEEFS AGAINST THE AIR FORCE . *Douglass Cater and A. T. Hadley* 15

BREATHING NEW LIFE INTO NATO . . . . . *James P. Warburg* 18

MICHIGAN'S WANDERING AIR BASE . . . . . *Paul Southwick* 20

UMBRAGE, ANYONE? . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 23

ON THE SPOT IN ALGERIA . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 24
1. THE VILLAGE ON THE DJEBEL
2. ROBERT LACOSTE: REFORMER AND REALIST

COUP DE THEATRE AT STUTTGART . . . . . *Paul Moor* 27

THAILAND: PIBUL TRIES PRACHATHIPATAI . . . . . *Darrell Berrigan* 30

Views & Reviews

GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND THE DEVILS—A SHORT STORY . . . . . *Tambimuttu* 34

DOUBLE TALK IN ART: AN EXAMINATION OF EXTREMES . . . *Marya Mannes* 40

Movies: FRENCH STABLE TAKES WIN, PLACE, AND SHOW . . *George W. Herald* 42

THE THEATER CRITICISM OF MARY MCCARTHY . . . . . *Nora Magid* 44

SEVEN GUIDES TO BETTER LISTENING . . . . . *Roger Maren* 45

A STATUE COME TO LIFE . . . . . *Madeleine Chapsal* 48

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Enemy Assets —The $500,000,000 Question

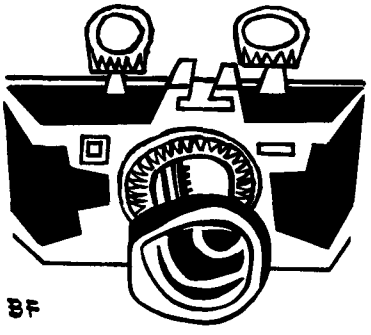
WILLIAM HARLAN HALE and CHARLES CLIFT

During spring nights last year, the late-evening quiet of the home of attorney Victor C. Folsom in New York City was broken by a succession of peculiar telephone calls. Some of the nocturnal callers, who did not identify themselves, set out to berate and abuse him for a stand he had taken on an involved legal and political dispute, namely the disposition of German and Japanese properties seized here in wartime as "enemy assets." Others, also giving no names, simply wanted to argue the subject with him. Finally the nuisance became such that Folsom had his home telephone cut off.

Folsom is chairman of the Section on International and Comparative Law of the American Bar Association. What he had done was to bring to the attention of its council a bill introduced by Senator Everett M. Dirksen (R., Illinois) providing for full return of these properties to their former owners. Folsom, also a staunch Republican, was opposed to the bill and led a move of the International Section to study it and to poll its membership on what they thought of it. Last September, while attorney Folsom was attending a Bar Association meeting in Philadelphia on the subject, his hotel-room telephone rang late at night again. "How much are you being paid to oppose return?" asked the anonymous caller. "Nothing!" was the angry response. "Well," the voice went on, "how much do you want to shift your position?"

To most Americans, the question of the return or nonreturn of former enemy properties in this country sounds remote—if indeed they are aware of it at all. Yet the struggle to bring about the return of those properties—along with the effort of opponents to prevent it—has led to one of the most massive campaigns of pressure manipulation, legal infighting, and Washington committee-room intrigue in our time. Abstract legal principles, widows, orphans, and moral scruples feature the case. So do dye patents, blocks of unidentified Swiss holding-company shares, international treaty clauses, the Midwestern German vote, three key Senate and House bills, some of the sharpest lobbyists in the business, a decade of litigation by batteries of high-priced attorneys, and a total financial stake of more than half a billion dollars.

According to the pro-return side, the issue involves the sanctity of private property: It goes against all our tradition of law to seize men's goods to satisfy a claim against their government. How would we like it



if other countries did the same to our investors abroad?

According to the anti-return side, the sanctity of our international compacts is involved: We agreed with seventeen of our wartime Allies to keep seized enemy assets in lieu of reparations—to which the German and Japanese governments also agreed. Seen either way, the issue is made complex by its sheer size and range. It encompasses some thirty-four thousand cases, most of them buried in obscure dockets such as the one of the German refugee who left a small legacy to his German parents when killed fighting as an American G.I. in Normandy, only to have this impounded as an "enemy asset." But there is one case that dwarfs all the rest.

Enter General Aniline

The focal point of financial attraction and lobby engineering is the case of the dye and pharmaceuticals complex called the General Aniline & Film Corporation, put together at the end of the 1920's as the American outlet of the German I.G. Farben cartel, and seized by the U.S. government upon our entry into the Second World War as a vital cog in Germany's world-wide economic apparatus.

When taken over (or "vested," as official legalese has it, although the deprived owners prefer to say "confiscated"), General Aniline's properties were estimated to be worth about $35 million. Today, after fourteen years of growth under an American custodial management, they may be worth anywhere from $100 to $150 million—although no one can do more than throw out an informed guess, since General Aniline's capital structure, obligations, and ultimate place in the market are all in a state of suspension along with its ownership. Headed by a $70,000-a-year president appointed by a board of directors which in turn is appointed by the Attorney General, its seven "vested" plants in New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, Alabama, and California are busy producing dyestuffs, industrial chemicals, cameras, and film, all without an owner—that is, an owner anyone

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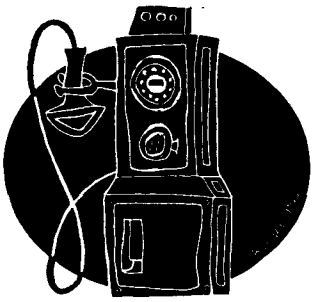
can agree on. From one point of view General Aniline represents a unique American triumph of socialization. Its former stockholders see it



less in that light, however, than as a beautiful plum hanging just out of reach, and they fear that American investors' groups with inside access will be able to shake the tree successfully before long.

To forestall this and win back General Aniline, with profit and growth compounded, has been the aim of a legal and lobbying effort on which possibly as much as $400,000 a year has been spent, according to Swiss financial reports introduced into a House hearing this April by Representative W. Sterling Cole (R., New York). This effort, championed on the Hill over the years chiefly by Republican Senators Dirksen and William Langer, with occasional assists from Senators Alexander Wiley and William Jenner, promises to take on new edge and scope this year. The source of its funds is a Swiss holding company set up by I.G. Farben in 1928 under the name I.G. Chemie, and to which the cartel transferred its stock interest in the American subsidiary. Ever since the outbreak of the Second World War, the Office of Alien Property has looked upon I.G. Chemie (or rather "Interhandel," as it has since renamed itself) as simply a cloak for continued German ownership. Interhandel has roundly denied this and brought suit for recovery of General Aniline. Its chief American counsel, John J. Wilson, has remarked at a Senate hearing that its suit is "perhaps the largest single piece of litigation in America today." And in addition to Mr. Wilson's Washington firm, Interhandel retains among its lawyers the much decorated William J. Donovan, wartime chief of OSS; a registered lobbyist named Ray L. Jenkins (no relation to the Ray Jenkins made briefly famous by the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings); and the New York public-relations man Bernard Relin, whose other accounts range from Lionel toy trains to the New Haven Railroad.

IN THE BACKGROUND of the work of winning restitution for major claimants moves the famed though unobtrusive Thomas G. Corcoran, once the ebullient young White House aide and legislative hatchet man President Franklin D. Roosevelt nicknamed "Tommy the Cork," who has since become an attorney of legendary connections and influence on the Hill. Meanwhile a group of interested German businesses over in Bremen has engaged another former ranking New Dealer, David Ginsburg, general counsel of the wartime Office of Price Administration. The Chicago and Washington public-relations man Julius Klein, who was a colonel on MacArthur's staff and later War Department special adviser on German affairs, now represents a Cologne society that is headed by banker Hermann J. Abs, managing director of the Deutsche Bank under the Hitler régime.

The alignment of such diverse personalities gives the pro-return camp a crazy-quilt pattern. Messrs. Langer and Dirksen find themselves in accord with such former New Deal stars as Corcoran and Ginsburg —although the two Senators insist that our government's retention of enemy properties was a pro-Communist New Deal conspiracy engineered by the late Harry Dexter White. White and his associates, Langer told the Senate again this year, "used the Congress as a cat's paw to further the master plan of the Kremlin—to drive from the minds of men that there is anything sacred about private property." On the other hand, the top Republican official presently responsible for administering those seized properties, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, is all out *against* full return—although Brownell himself, by pointing an accusing finger at White, gave the pro-return group one of its strongest weapons.

Two men with less liking for one another in political life could hardly be imagined than former Democratic Senate Majority Leader Scott W. Lucas of Illinois and the Republican Everett Dirksen who unseated him in 1950. Yet New and Fair Dealer Lucas and his archenemy have joined in the common cause of return, Lucas appearing before Senate hearings in his capacity as a private attorney for a multi-million-dollar estate claimant to support the Dirksen bill.

The oddest line-up of all appears in a Washington organization called the Committee for Return of Confiscated German and Japanese Property, which numbers among its sponsors such assorted names as Mike M. Masoaka, a Nisei publicist; Dr. Austin J. App, a Philadelphia teacher of English and apologist for wartime Germany; several Lutheran pastors; a representative of the Steuben Society; and men of such unimpeachable reputation as Clarence E. Pickett, long-time head of the American Friends Committee, and Dr. Ernest Hocking, professor emeritus of philosophy at Harvard.

Mr. Halbach's Role

The story of the application of the arts of pressure for return begins not with the end of the war but almost with its beginning. At the time of Pearl Harbor there sat in New York, as president of a corporation called General Dyestuffs, a Philadelphian of German descent named Ernest K. Halbach. General Dyestuffs was another creation of the I.G. Farben-I.G. Chemie group, set up as the exclusive marketing agency for their General Aniline subsidiary in America. When war came the United States government seized its stock, the majority of which was held by Halbach; blocked his personal funds; and removed him from the presidency. He had gone, the Justice Department later alleged, to Italy in 1940 to confer with Farben officials on ways and means of evading the

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British blockade, and when Farben agents in South America were placed on British and American blacklists, had shipped dyestuffs to dummy consignees there. Halbach steadfastly protested his patriotism and denied charges of having served as a front for the Germans. In this he won some influential support. The wartime Alien Property Custodian, Leo G. Crowley, after depriving him of his position, turned around and retained him as a company consultant on the grounds of indispensability and loyalty to the United States—an arrangement that was to bring Halbach more than $500,000 in salaries and bonuses in eight years. Meanwhile as early as 1943 the then Representative Dirksen interceded with the Treasury Department to seek release of Halbach's blocked funds. Then Halbach engaged the New York law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell to help him get back his stock, and in January, 1945, he accepted a government settlement of $557,550 for it. But the matter did not end there. Thinking it over six years after the end of the war, ex-President Halbach decided he had been forced to accept an award under duress. General Dyestuffs, along with the General Aniline combine, was burgeoning under its American custodians. The value of his lost stock was rising: In fact, an Alien Property official estimates that as of today it may be worth $5 million. So Halbach sued to set the 1945 settlement aside and reopen the case, and Thomas G. Corcoran's brother Howard, also a lawyer, was noted as "present" at the New York Federal courthouse in 1951 when pretrial testimony was taken.

The Corcoran Touch

Precisely when "Tommy the Cork" himself entered the case is a matter for conjecture. But when he did so, the matter of relief for Halbach was transferred from the courts to Capitol Hill while still *sub judice*, and one of the most remarkable efforts at special legislation in our time resulted.

The law office of Corcoran, Youngman & Rowe is somewhat different from other law offices. Its name is absent both from the standard legal directory, Martindale Hubbell, and from the downstairs board of the K Street building that houses it. A call to its listed number is usually answered by a rather abrupt male voice which either professes to know nothing of the partners' whereabouts or only after a very long pause switches

you to Mr. Corcoran's own secretary, who is equally uncommunicative.

Graying Thomas G. Corcoran himself, much changed from the days when he used to regale the Rooseveltian White House circle with Irish airs sung to the accompaniment of an accordion, refuses to see the press. Almost the only instances in which his name has been publicized in a professional relationship involved T. V. Soong, whom his firm represented during the war, and Henry Grunewald, the Washington "fixer" who came to bipartisan fame in the early 1950's and testified that Corcoran had hired him on several occasions for investigative work.

In the summer of 1951, several Senators and many officials were sure that they had felt the touch of Corcoran on the Hill. The Foreign Relations Committee under Democratic Chairman Tom Connally had been considering a joint resolution officially ending the war against Germany. One day the Office of Alien Property was surprised by a call from the Committee saying that its ranking Republican member, Senator Wiley, wanted to have certain facts on the Halbach case, then pending in the courts. Alien Property officials hurried over to an executive session on the Hill, wondering why the minority leader of this committee should want to busy himself with the Halbach affair just then. They found to their amazement that Senator Wiley had tacked onto the joint resolution ending the state of war an amendment that seemed designed for the specific relief of Ernest Halbach. They did what they could to advise key Senators about what the amendment really involved. Chairman Connally banged his committee-room gavel and took a vote. "Are you sure what you're voting for?" asked the late Democratic Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut. The amendment was voted down but subsequently reconsidered and approved, 6-2.

When the full resolution was reported out, it ran into a storm on the floor. The Halbach proviso, said Senator Herbert Lehman, was an "extraneous and incredible rider," a "private bill" that had "no conceivable place in a joint resolution covering the highest exercise of legislative authority . . ." The Halbach amendment, widely ascribed in the cloakrooms to the strategy of attorney Tom Corcoran, was struck out by the Democratic majority. During the debate, an angry Senator Wiley arose to denounce the Office of Alien Property and demand that it be investigated.

All-out Offensive

Therewith began the second, larger phase of the campaign for return. The following year, Halbach's court appeal for recovery of his lost stock was also rejected. The Interhandel group was succeeding no better in the courts with its effort to recover General Aniline.

Now the advocates of return raised their sights. What had begun as a legal-aid project for certain big claimants was to become a sweeping

drive in Congress for new laws to bring about the restitution of *everything*. As Homer Capehart, another Senator who responded to the impulse, later put it, "Whoever they are, wherever they come from, we ought to return all their property to them."

To bring this about, an informal coalition began to take shape, made up of Interhandel and Halbach spokesmen, attorneys for large estate

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and trust claimants, along with German businessmen. For the American agents of German industry, sizable fees were at stake; for the German industrialists themselves, either a return of their businesses or ample cash payments for them would mean liquid capital with which to recapture their war-damaged prestige in world markets—or maybe better it.

Before a bill favoring them could be written, the groundwork had to be laid by investigation—one so conducted in response to Senator Wiley's demand as to put the Office of Alien Property on trial as in effect a receiver and manipulator of stolen goods. The subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee appointed to conduct the investigation got into its full stride as soon as the Republicans took over in 1953, when Senator Langer, who has a large German-vote following, became chairman of the full committee and Halbach's old champion, Senator Dirksen, moved in to chair the investigating subcommittee. Hearings were staged featuring a procession of pro-return witnesses, including the inevitable Mr. Halbach (represented by Tom Corcoran's brother Howard). A distinct air of coziness between the committee leaders and the pro-return lobby could be felt: The committee's staff counsel was one John W. Nairn, who in private life shared an office with Ray Jenkins, lobbyist for Interhandel; and a friend of Tom Corcoran's from New Deal days, former Assistant Attorney General Joseph B. Keenan, turned up as an attorney for Halbach and not long thereafter was employed in Senator Langer's office as consultant to another Judiciary subcommittee.

In due course the Dirksen investigation came up with a report condemning the government's long-standing "confiscatory" policy and favoring full restitution. It was followed by Senator Dirksen's bill calling for the same. The bill, reported out favorably in mid-1954, included what became known on the Hill as another "Halbach section."

The Case Against Return

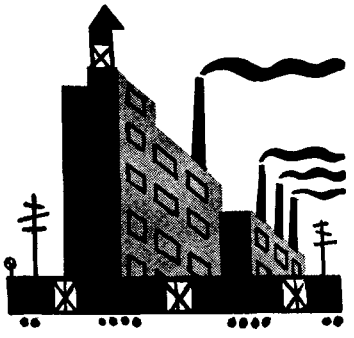
The pro-return group, now hopeful of sweeping success, had reaped advantages from the strategy of identifying Alien Property policy with the ghosts of Harry Dexter White and the repudiated "Morgenthau plan." Actually, Morgenthau and White had less to do with the policy than had the Republicans themselves or for that matter John Foster Dulles. In 1946, recalling German defaults on reparations after the First World

War, we had agreed with our wartime Allies to keep all seized enemy assets and then to put in no further claims. This policy was endorsed by the War Claims Act of 1948, passed by a Republican Congress, providing that American private claims against the former enemies be met by liquidation of seized assets. Under this program, more than $225 million netted from the sale of such properties to private American bidders has already been paid out. (General Aniline, being the subject of a suit for recovery, is the one giant property the government is prevented from selling.) This policy was reaffirmed in our peace treaty with Japan, drafted by Mr. Dulles, and our 1952 convention with Bonn, under which Germany agreed to compensate its own citizens for the loss of their property here.

To reverse this policy and suddenly give back to the former owners the full going value for everything that had been "vested" would mean not only breaking faith with our Allies and ignoring the terms of our peace settlements but also raising $225 million or more to cover payments already made. In effect, it would lift the whole burden of American war claims from the defeated enemies and place it squarely on the American taxpayers' own backs. It would also mean giving to such former owners as those of General Aniline, the value of which had since trebled, a whopping windfall.

To save American taxpayers' dollars had long been an article of faith for such conservative economizers as Senators Wiley and Dirksen. But this was outbalanced in their minds by the American aim of helping to save the free world by strengthening Germany and Japan against the forces of Communism. In Germany, said Dirksen, "we are trying to develop some good will . . . to develop a robust picture"; how inconsistent, therefore, to hold onto seized German private assets.

NOT ONLY inconsistent but downright lawless, immoral, and un-Christian, joined in members of a new supporting chorus—the curiously assorted Committee for Return of Confiscated German and Japanese Property, founded in 1954 and sustained ever since with contributions chiefly from claimants' representatives. The Committee was able to list among its sponsors people who had no personal financial interest in the case, and therewith marked a still further stage in the restitution campaign. The Committee's position is that full return should be made as a matter of principle, not merely of political convenience. By giving our former enemies aid on one hand and withholding property from them on the other, the organization's vice-chairman, Charles S. Collier, told a House committee last year, we were leaving them with "a sense that a great injustice is being thrust upon them. . . ." He quoted St. Luke: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."



The Committee's purpose, Executive Secretary James Finucane says frankly, is "to cast a glow of morality over the drive which would otherwise be lacking. It couples practical interests with idealism." From its cubbyhole room in Washington's National Press Building the Com-

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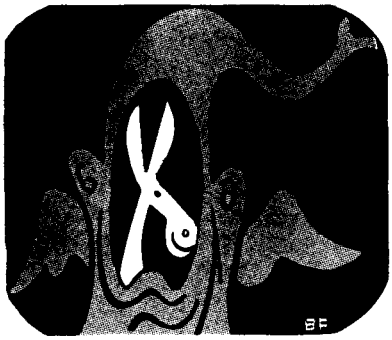


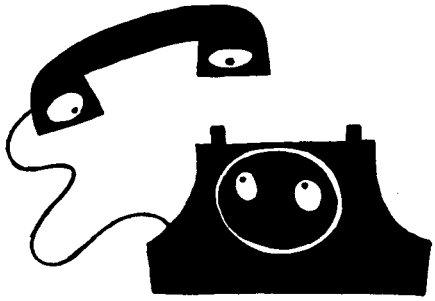
mittee circularizes churchmen, Legionnaires, Bar Association members, Congressmen, and the German-language press with newsletters and appeals. Last January it approached the Democratic National Committee to suggest that the property-return issue might well figure in the coming elections, "particularly in the farm states where German-Americans form a large component of the voting population." Heading its list of pending projects is "a letter-writing campaign to enlist the support of a thousand top executives in American corporations."

Finucane himself, a lean, ingratiating Irish American of strong missionary feelings who heads the Committee's operations, exemplifies its curious mixture. Raised as a Catholic and then drawn to Quakerism, he went through the war as a conscientious objector and reached Washington as the legislative representative for the pacifist National Council for the Prevention of War, in which capacity he testified on the Hill against the legality of Allied war-crimes trials. In particular, he set out to reverse the conviction of the German perpetrators of the Malmédy massacre of captured American G.I.s during the Battle of the Bulge—a cause which in 1949 gave the new Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy, his first national hearing. After the Malmédy affair Finucane went at German invitation to study at the University of Kiel and returned, he says, a more convinced friend than ever of a people for whom since early boyhood he had felt a special fondness. At forty-two, Finucane gives a somewhat starry-eyed impression, and there is no question about the selfless zeal with which he runs the moral front of the pro-return cause on a $7,500 salary—and there is no question about his value to those behind the front.

The New Jersey Crowd

While Finucane's group was organizing two years ago, the men representing Interhandel and other major claimants were holding frequent strategy meetings in Washington. It may have been at one of these that another campaign was mapped on a different and considerably lower level than Finucane's moral one. This was the assault on what the pro-return lobby calls "the New Jersey crowd" or "the Montclair gang"—a piece of personal infighting waged without reference to St. Luke. Mr. Finucane's committee claims that "A few, well-bankrolled inside speculators and promoters, who have developed a vested interest in non-return, are the core of the . . . transparent opposition."

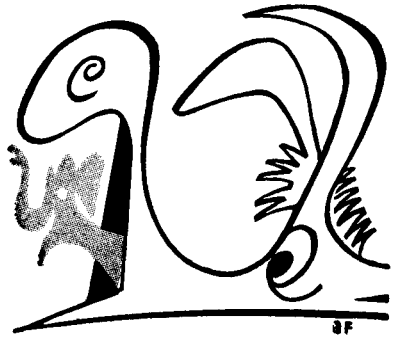
Suburban Montclair contains the homes of many men of substance, including a remarkably high concen-



tration of executives who have become prominently connected with the administration of alien property or with the chemicals and pharmaceuticals business—or both. Most of these men know each other and move in the same social and political circles. Dallas Townsend, a distinguished attorney presently serving as Director of the Office of Alien Property, hails from Montclair. So does Harry L. Derby, the retired president of American Cyanamid, a large post-war investor in General Aniline shares left on the American open market after the predominant German (or Swiss) interest was seized, and who testified at hearings against return to former owners. Another Montclair neighbor is the prominent executive and investor Winston Paul. Still another is Elmer H. Bobst, a venerable veteran of American drug manufacturing and the chairman of the newly merged Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals Company, of which Alfred H. Driscoll, the former Republican Governor of New Jersey, has become president. The Messrs. Townsend, Derby, Paul, and Bobst are all influential Republicans who served on the finance committee of the state party organization headed by Governor Driscoll in the 1952 campaign.

Was there, ask the people on the pro-return side, a behind-the-scenes deal at the Republican National Convention in 1952 by which Governor Driscoll agreed to throw his weight behind the Eisenhower candidacy if his New Jersey friends interested in General Aniline would be taken care of? Governor Driscoll flatly denies this. The pro-return lobby, however, points to the fact that soon after Republican Townsend was installed as chief of Alien Property, he announced a change of General Aniline directors that made neighbor Paul chairman of the board and brought in the powerful Mr. Bobst; investor Derby reportedly remained in the background on advice of his counsel. The object of this maneuver, suggests the return lobby, was to infiltrate into seized General Aniline a group with a strong interest in Americanizing it and an inside track of information about its affairs. This knowledge would serve them well in the event the company was put up for domestic sale, and might enable them and their friends to put in the best-informed offer.

Is there any substance to this charge? One would expect it to arouse the watchdogs of the Senate Judiciary subcommittee assigned to check continuously on alien-property administration—particularly under a present Democratic leadership that would certainly not mind putting its finger on some Republicans. But subcommittee counsel Harlan Wood reluctantly shook his head when asked recently about this point.



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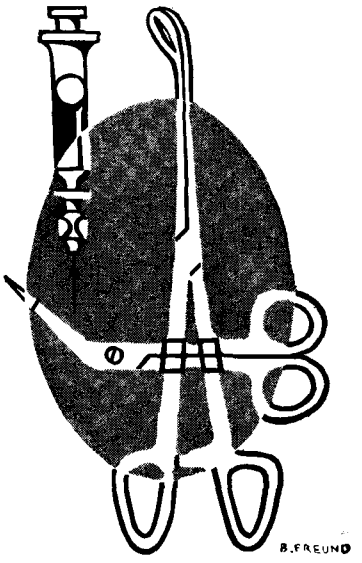
"We don't have a thing on anybody," he said somewhat regretfully.

Such a campaign does serve a purpose, though—if only to breed suspicion and doubt. And it is true that after our first war with Germany, the disposition of seized alien prop-



erty gave grounds for something more than suspicion. In 1919 the then Alien Property Custodian, Francis P. Garvan, emerged as the head of a favored group that had bought control of valuable German dye patents.

The administration of alien property has a way of extending a helping hand to what sometimes look like a well-connected few. Under a Democratic Administration, Attorney General Tom C. Clark was instrumental in awarding the presidency of seized General Aniline to his friend Jack Frye, who up to that moment had come no nearer the chemicals business than to run an airline. Frye's management, in turn, gave the bulk of its legal business to the law firm headed by former Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson at fees totaling more than $500,000. Under the Republicans, in turn, both Frye and Johnson went out, to be replaced by a retired major general, John H. Hilldring, together with a Republican set of lawyers.

The men at the controls of so valuable a concern would be remarkable indeed if they did not wish to stay there. The Office of Alien Property, for its part, would like only to get out from under, liquidate and sell—preferably to an enterprising group that will pay well. It made its best deal so far for the government when in 1952 it sold another German drug and chemicals property, the Schering Corporation, valued at $1,300,000 when seized, to an American syndicate for $30.8 million. (The president of newly Americanized Schering, Francis C. Brown, lives near Montclair.)

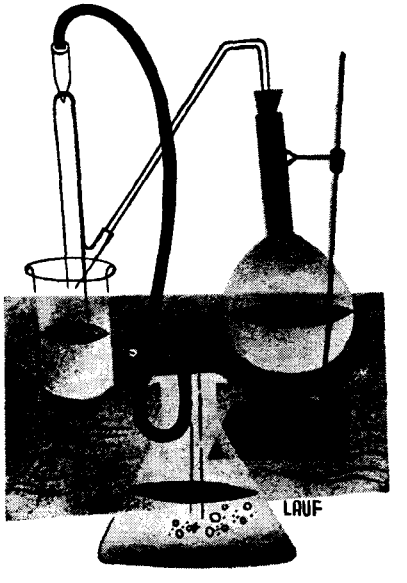
Setbacks and Counterattacks

In midsummer two years ago, shortly after the Dirksen full-return bill had been reported out favorably to a Republican majority and all seemed clear sailing for it, West German Chancellor Adenauer entered the picture by writing President Eisenhower a letter urging him also to support return. Then something went wrong. After a skirmish between pros and antis that swirled into the White House, the President took the advice of his Justice Department (which supervises Dallas Townsend's Alien Property office) and wrote back to say that his Administration did not support any pending assets-return bill. The pro-return side was rocked and convinced that behind this lay the hand of the enemy—to wit, "the Montclair gang."

The Dirksen bill was shelved. Furthermore, the pro-return lobby lost one of its most valuable allies. For years it had been hoping to get the American Legion to abandon its support of enemy-property seizure as a source of funds to meet G.I. war claims, and to come out for return. In 1953, success: The impact of the campaign to identify seizure with Communist plotting was such as to make Legion leaders shudder at the company they had been in, and in convention assembled they reversed their stand. But in 1954 the Legion, in a calmer mood, balanced rumors about Communist agents against the more practical matter of how G.I.s were to have their claims paid if there was no enemy property with which to pay them. So now it voted against return. The Legionnaire who drafted and pushed through the winning resolution was a senior official of the Office of Alien Property which Senator Dirksen had so long assailed.

CHAFING under their setbacks, the pro-return camp rallied for another try. The tireless director-general of Interhandel, Herr Walter Germann, shuttled between his home office in Basel and a suite in Washington's Mayflower Hotel. He denied to his stockholders at home that he had "arranged for any payment of money to persons in the confidence of members of Congress . . ." He did spend a great deal, though, on entertainment and on deploying public-relations men and lobbyists.

It was at this time that a group of pro-return extremists attempted to discredit attorney Victor C. Folsom, then busy presenting the anti-return case to the American Bar Association, on the ground that Mr. Folsom, as general counsel for the Sterling Drug Company—the holder of "vested" German trade-marks—was an interested party. Even so, the International Section of the Bar Association, as polled last year, voted three to one against the Dirksen bill, after a dramatic speech by the aged dean of the profession, former Senator George Wharton Pepper, who was wheeled into its meeting in an invalid's chair; he said, "I am not



at all averse to measures of reconciliation with our former enemies . . . but I will not permit my feelings for the Germans and Japanese to obscure my feelings for the American taxpayer."

In April a year ago, the leading Zürich weekly *Die Tat* openly ac-

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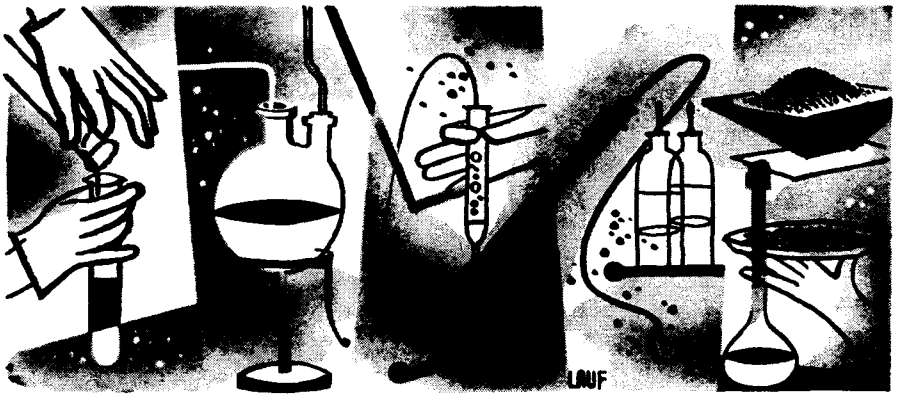
cused Herr Germann's Interhandel of camouflaging the tainted Farben cartel's interest in the properties he and his American agents were trying to win back as "Swiss." But *Die Tat* is not widely read in the United States, and the campaign for indiscriminate return continued. The



State Department, moving warily in an atmosphere of opposing pressure fronts and thick cloud formations, anxious to find a way out that would please the greatest possible number at once—Germans, Swiss, Japanese, the American Legion, Senator Dirksen, and the people against Senator Dirksen—proposed a compromise measure providing for just *some* return. This new Administration bill, introduced by the late Democratic Senator Harley Kilgore, permitted property restitution in amounts up to $10,000 to individuals as "a matter of grace"—but pointedly left out corporations. This odd device, invoking "grace" as a principle in international affairs while shelving the principles involved in our peace settlements, satisfied nobody on either side—not the big organizations that had waged the return campaign and which now feared this might be the end, or the opponents who equally feared this might just be the beginning.

'A Bit Too Slick'

Early last July, matters seemed to be at a low ebb for the return lobby. Here was the Administration proffering "grace" to supersede Senator Dirksen's more substantial gesture. At that time the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had just denied Interhandel's suit for recovery of General Aniline on the ground of its failure to produce records vital to identifying the actual owners of its stock. So both legislative and legal avenues for major claimants seemed closed. Yet, as the deadening heat of the July 4 weekend descended on the capital, driving legislators to cover or to fence-mending at home, a foray on the Hill was staged which showed that the minutemen of return had not lost their touch.

THE PLAY was so swift that it escaped national attention entirely. Several draft House resolutions for property return had been presented, and these would normally have gone for a hearing to the chamber's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. Its chairman was Percy Priest (D., Tennessee), who reportedly was against full return. Somehow the hearings were switched to an *ad hoc* Foreign Affairs Committee group headed by Representative Brooks Hays (D., Arkansas), known to be for return. However this may have been arranged, the way Mr. Hays's hearings were staged indicated quite clearly that some adroit planning had been done. The hearings were abruptly scheduled for the Friday afternoon preceding the holiday weekend, just when the capital was fast emptying, and the Alien Property officials whose program was vitally affected now declare that they had barely a day's advance notice. So there was no time to assemble a body of anti-return witnesses and documentation. But the familiar procession of pro-return witnesses was on hand in the committee room on that hot afternoon, well briefed and in full cry.

But again it all came to nothing. "It looked a bit too slick," a leading attorney of the pro-return lobby said with a shrug. "I'm afraid Tom Corcoran just overreached himself this time."

For the rest of the year, with Congress not in session, the issue was almost entirely dormant.

During the lull the pro-return cause was damaged further by a move of intervention on the part of the Bonn government, whose consul in Detroit, W. H. van Almsick, circularized members of the Bar Association last November with a letter on official stationery enlisting their support for return legislation. Spokesmen of the antis at once protested this to the State Department as a breach of diplomatic propriety. Van Almsick did not improve his case when he gave a press interview protesting against disclosure of his letter, in which he loftily remarked, "The feelings of the mass should never be stimulated. This does not lead in the right way. Therefore, this matter is qualified for a consideration by experts rather than for a public discussion." It is not accepted practice for consuls of foreign nations to read us lectures on how we should conduct discussion of issues pending before our Congress.

TODAY, on the legislative calendar, the issue lies in abeyance. Mr. Finucane's committee has appealed for more funds to circularize Lutheran pastors, Legionnaires, and the Bar Association, but neither the clergy, the soldiers, nor the German-American voters seem to be on fire about the issue at the moment. General Aniline, still encumbered and unsold, dangles in midair, while Director-General Walter Germann's Interhandel has had its suit thrown out of the courts only to win a stay which comes to an end this July, when it may be thrown out for good unless it produces the required proofs of ownership. "Well, perhaps we can produce at least some proofs," says one of its Washington lawyers; "that is, enough to get still another stay. We'll just try to nurse this thing along. Maybe we'll have better luck in the courts or on the Hill next year."

In the wings hovers Ernest Halbach, hoping to recover his stock and meanwhile in business again as the head of the Verona Chemical Com-

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pany in Newark—not far, incidentally, from Montclair. But although an air of stalemate hangs over the $500-million question there are still some stirrings underneath. After the Senate Judiciary subcommittee charged with checking up on Alien Property administration concluded its latest round of hearings on the familiar subject, its present Democratic Chairman, Senator Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina, came up in April with comments that harked back oddly to the days of his predecessor, Mr. Dirksen. "Are we to adopt the Communists' method of confiscating private property," Senator Johnston demanded rhetorically of the Senate, declaring that even the State Department's partial-restitution bill did so. Or, he went on, "shall we . . . maintain the American principle that an individual's property is sacred . . ."

Still another body—this time the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee—is expected to get into the act this month with hearings of its own. Once again flickering lights will play over the issue, and the lobbyists will surely be at hand again. Efforts are being made to persuade both major political parties to include a return plank in their convention platforms. And particularly if Interhandel's case is finally thrown out of the courts this July, the campaign to win relief by legislation is sure to gather new force.

CONFLICTING ideas of law and ethics, antagonistic attitudes toward the rights of such claimants as Interhandel and Mr. Halbach, rival aspirations for dye patents, chemical plants, and stock bonanzas—all these continue to be inextricably interwoven in an issue whose physical magnitude itself forestalls any simple solution.

In the meantime, until America's lawmakers and officials have decided what, if anything, to give back to our former enemies and the beneficiaries of our former enemies, and to whom, and why, and with how much increment, and in return for what consideration (if any), the fees, the retainers, and the lobbyists' devices on either side will roll on as the value of the stake grows higher and higher.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Army's Beefs Against the Air Force

DOUGLASS CATER and A. T. HADLEY

LATE in the evening of Friday, May 18, frantic word was passed in the Washington press corps that Anthony Leviero was breaking a big story of internecine warfare in the Pentagon in the following morning's New York *Times*. For half a dozen reporters the signal was enough. They had only to advance the release date on stories already filed with their papers awaiting Sunday publication. On Saturday, May 19, which by a coincidence was Armed Forces Day, the combined accounts of service disharmony pretty well put in the shade the celebration of unification.

More than a trace of a juvenile quality permeated the dispute, accounts of which had been fed to the press in the form of lengthy staff memoranda and background briefings. There was an Air Force memo brazenly claiming a near monopoly over future wars, and an Army document striking back with a recitation of "The Facts Versus Billy Mitchell."

First reactions, too, were juvenile. Senator Dennis Chavez, Chairman of the subcommittee on Defense Appropriations, promptly chastised all three services, promising to cut their funds unless they quit squabbling. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson summoned his various deputies, civilian and military, to a communal press conference but showed himself unable to take the revolt seriously, ascribing it to "eager beavers . . . gnawing down some of the wrong trees." Even President Eisenhower, at his weekly press conference the following Wednesday, spoke of it as a "controversy . . . going on since I joined the Army in 1911. . . ." There seemed a general reluctance in Washington to admit that anything would or should be done about it.

Roles and Missions

Behind these outward indications of service rivalry, however, it has been increasingly evident to the interested observer that certain fundamental problems have arisen within our military which are not going to be resolved by fervent appeals for teamwork. They go beyond the petty jealousies over whose missile intercepts which aircraft and at what distance from the target. Indeed, they go even beyond the basic dispute over service missions to the very nature of the wars we are preparing to deter or, if necessary, to fight.

The dispute, which principally involves the Army and the Air Force, has been brewing a long time. It can be traced to the Key West agreement of 1948, when the newly created Joint Chiefs parceled out the roles and missions among the services. At Key West, with Army Chief of Staff General Omar N. Bradley executing policy established by his predecessor, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, and making what was regarded as a noble gesture in the cause of unification, the services agreed that the Air Force would "furnish close combat and logistical air support to the Army, to include air lifts, support and resupply of airborne operations." It seemed like a logical division: The Air Force would fly the planes, the Navy sail the ships, and the Army fight on the ground.

To work, it assumed the kind of unification in which one service held effective claims on another service's assistance. According to the Key West agreement, the Air Force was supposed to support the Army,

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but the obligation acquired a lower and lower priority as the preoccupation with strategic air power grew. During the Korean War, this was a source of continual friction between the two services. The Army felt that it was being deprived of adequate air transport and that the Marines, with their own planes, were getting better close ground-air support. The Army, barred by the Joint Chiefs' interpretation of the Key West agreement from having any aircraft of its own with more than a five-thousand-pound wing load, could do little to help itself as far as either transport planes or fighter-bombers were concerned.

Since then, the situation has not improved. In recent testimony before Senator Symington's Armed Services subcommittee, General Maxwell Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, complained of a "serious" weakness in air transport. Privately, Army planners say that in the event of D-Day mobilization the Air Force could provide only enough transport planes to airlift a single regiment. Even with planes pulled in from Europe and Asia, only one division could be moved by air.

To exacerbate Army grievances, there has been evidence that the Air Force has misused funds appropriated by Congress for the construction of transport planes. In April, Representative Daniel J. Flood (D., Pennsylvania) introduced into House Appropriations Committee hearings a letter from the General Accounting Office indicating that the Air Force had recently diverted approximately $4.5 million of such funds to provide luxury accommodations in a group of Constellations and DC-6s intended for the use of Air Force brass and other VIPs. (A photograph of a kitchen installed on one of these planes had been classified TOP SECRET.)

RESTIVE over its lack of air mobility in an air age, the Army has developed a substantial fleet of light aircraft and helicopters for multi-purpose duty. But bitterness flared up during the Operation SAGEBRUSH maneuvers in Louisiana last year when an Air Force general ruled that Army aircraft were "illegal" and would not be permitted to conduct reconnaissance behind "enemy" lines.

A few weeks ago, without informing the Army, the Air Force prepared, and got Secretary of Defense Wilson to sign, an order transferring all Army helicopter training to the Air Force. Pilot training, it was stipulated, was strictly an Air Force job. Though the Army protested that this made as much sense as requiring all truck drivers to be trained by the Army, Secretary of Defense Wilson stood firm. Finally,

high-ranking Members of Congress intervened and forced a cancellation of the order. The hostility it created still lingers inside the Pentagon offices of the Joint Chiefs.

Rival Concepts

It has been in the planning for allied military projects that conflicting basic concepts of the two services have been most clearly illumined. The Air Force position was succinctly expressed in a recent staff study published by *Air Force*, a semi-official magazine, noting that with the advent of nuclear firepower "Western Europe, over which thousands of divisions had struggled a decade previous, shrank to a strip '50 weapons wide.'" The study, entitled "The Army's Atomic Dilemma," slyly ridiculed Army efforts to adapt to modern warfare, arguing that ". . . National strategy doesn't foresee a decisive role for U.S. ground troops in any kind of nuclear war, global or peripheral. And it is even more difficult to foresee a non-nuclear struggle big enough to be called a war."

The Army's view, on the other hand, was best expressed by General Maxwell Taylor, who declared in a speech last January: "In the Pentagon there are those who focus all their concern on the big nuclear war. There are others who believe that war may assume many forms . . . The Army attaches great significance to . . . preparations to meet local aggression. It is my feeling, which many I believe share, that with the increasing destructiveness of atomic stockpiles of the world the deliberately planned atomic general war becomes, fortunately, less likely to occur with the passage of time. However, the threat of local aggression is always with us. . . ."

In NATO, these two conflicting views have been in intense competition. They have had a bearing, for example, on the problem of what type of electronic warning system was needed. They go directly to the basic decision to maintain five U.S. divisions on the European continent, and to press our Allies to build up their own ground forces in a target area "50 weapons wide."

Whose Missiles?

Beyond the immediate issue looms rivalry over missiles. The Air Force argues that the missile belongs in its arsenal since it flies through the air. The Army counters that the infantryman's bullet flew through the air long before the Air Force existed.

Thus far, missile functions of the two services have been only vaguely defined. The Air Force has assigned top priority to research and development on Atlas, an intercontinental ballistic missile, while a joint Army-Navy mission is developing Jupiter, an intermediate-range ballistic missile which has an arbitrary 1,500-mile limit placed on it. The Army is developing the family of Nikes for interception of attacking aircraft and missiles. The Air Force, with the Bomarc and the Talos, has been concentrating on interception at longer range.

Classified data on the missiles have been deliberately leaked to the press from time to time, each service attempting to glorify its own and depreciate the others. Early in 1953, details about the Air Force's Bomarc began to appear in the press. It was predicted that this missile, which would be superior to Nike, would be in operation by 1956. Today, Air Force officials hope that it will be in operation by 1960.

Meanwhile, there have been charges and countercharges about the value of Nike, which is now stationed around a number of cities

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and atomic installations. Recently, the Air Force boasted that the Talos was a better interceptor, and Members of Congress have called for a contest between the two missiles. Army officials argue that both Talos and Bomarc, which will have air-breathing jet engines, will be slower than the present Nike with its rocket engine and far inferior to Nike-B, which is scheduled to be in operation ahead of Talos. The breather-type missile, Army planners argue scornfully, is nothing more than a pilotless aircraft.

All three services are aware of a not too distant future when the missile will be a crucial weapon for service survival. In their excessive enthusiasm to recapture former importance, Army advocates are prone to argue that the age of the Air Force is already swiftly passing. The B-52 will be obsolete before it ever gets into large-scale production, they claim, citing statistics of anticipated "kill rates" by the interceptor missiles. Missile defenses around Moscow and the Lake Baikal region are already formidable, according to intelligence estimates.

'Who Cares?'

The Army realizes that its own future, too, is closely tied up with the missile, which can be expected to supplant the heavy artillery and conventional anti-aircraft systems in its arsenal. The short- and intermediate-range missile will be a vital part of future battlefield warfare according to top Army planners like Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, Army Chief of Research and Development. If the Army should be stripped of its role in missile development, they feel it would become permanently a weak subordinate to the Air Force, both in the planning of strategy and in the shaping of over-all concepts of national security.

"Who cares? Does it really matter as long as guided missiles are in the hands of competent officers?" writes Roscoe Drummond, a New York *Herald Tribune* columnist, in summarizing the missile dispute between the services. This same theme was expressed in the *Air Force* magazine staff study. That publication holds no doubts that it is the Air Force which should "push the button." But a high-ranking civilian in the Department of Defense has expressed a strong counterargument. "The important thing to remember," he said, "is that missiles are going to be with us a long time—at least twenty to twenty-five years. The country will have to live with missiles and the man who pushes the button has to be the type of man the world has confidence in." He pointed to the Army's "longer and more responsible history."

No Love Lost

Out of the confusion of arguments, two facts are clear. The first is that unification, though receiving abundant lip service, is not working and that the price of disunity is already very high indeed. Not just in the cost of duplicative projects being carried on by different services; also

there is the immeasurable cost of delay in weapon development. Recently, the Army requested the loan of an Air Force B-52 for a few days in order to test the anti-jamming mechanism in the electronic guidance system of the Nike-B. Since the Air Force's intercontinental bomber carries two thousand pounds of equipment designed to jam an interceptor missile and throw it off track, it would seem that both services might profit from such a test. But the Air Force refused the loan, claiming it had no B-52s to spare. As a result, the Army has been obliged to buy its own jamming mechanism, which it intends to load into two light planes so that the test can be carried out. The same interservice jealousy has caused the Air Force to refuse to allow Nike installations around the majority of Strategic Air Command bases. At present they have no missile protection even though General Earle Partridge, head of the Air Defense Command, has admitted to the Symington Committee that his interceptor planes cannot fly high enough to reach Soviet bombers.

BUT THE SECOND and even more important fact is that modern weaponry has hopelessly confused the traditional roles and missions of the three services. There can hardly be clarification, much less an abatement of interservice rivalry, until responsible officials are willing to re-examine these roles and missions instead of attempting to mollify the services by throwing occasional plums to one or another.

Division by Purpose

A number of serious military thinkers question whether the old division into land, sea, and air forces makes sense any longer. Rather, it would be more logical to divide our military structure into a force for limited warfare with limited objectives and a force which, if necessary, will be committed to total war. It would be the purpose, not the medium, that counted. The time is already upon us, they maintain, when such a total war would bring unlimited destruction to both sides. Yet until a secure plan for progressive disarmament is worked out, a force capable of waging total war must be maintained as a deterrent to such a war.

But an equally vital need is for an effective and unified fighting force, combining land, air, and sea units, which can quickly cope with the so-called brush wars before they have a chance to spread. It would be well if both friend and enemy alike were to understand that this force was completely separate from the force for total war. The chance of slipping into such a holocaust without intending to would thereby be greatly reduced.

THE nameless colonels who started the present fracas at the Pentagon by sneaking their controversial memos to the press may well have provoked greater national debate than they intended. Until there is some attempt to devise a national strategy realistically based on the radical change in military power, the attempts of Secretary Wilson and the President to hush up service bickering will be futile.

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Breathing New Life Into NATO

JAMES P. WARBURG

ALTHOUGH President Eisenhower and his Secretary of State have, until very recently, spoken with pride and satisfaction of NATO's growing strength and its successful role in forcing a change of Soviet tactics, it is now admitted that NATO is in serious trouble.

The obvious immediate cause of declining morale in the Atlantic Community is that since the Russians have stopped making threatening gestures, a certain apathy if not a sense of greater security has permeated the people of Europe, dissolving the temporary solidarity created by common fear.

That, however, is by no means the whole story. The Soviet "new look" has undermined the alliance's solidarity. The belated comprehension of what happens when both sides fight with atomic weapons has had an even worse effect. The more people think about it, the more irrelevant appears the effort to create a conventional shield against invasion. European nations have been asking themselves more and more frequently:

"If the threat of massive retaliation by the United States can prevent war, of what use are our puny divisions? And, if the United States fails to deter aggression, or provokes it, then Europe will be finished, no matter which side ultimately achieves victory." In addition, an increasing number of Europeans are beginning to suspect that a defensive alliance involving the rearmament of a partitioned Germany is more likely to provoke than to prevent eventual conflict.

THESE, too, are only partial causes of European apathy. In order to consider what remedial action might be taken, it is necessary to recognize that the major weaknesses of NATO go back to its origins. The alliance, concluded in 1949, was the result of two assumptions: that western Europe was the primary target of Soviet expansionism, and that military means would be the chosen instrument of Soviet aggression.

Rearming West Germany

It is not necessary to discuss here whether these two hypotheses were ever correct. I for one have consistently questioned their validity. Whatever may have been the original Soviet intentions, it is now clear that the primary Russian targets are Southeast Asia and the Middle East —that the Soviet aim is to outflank and undermine NATO by other than military means rather than to attack it frontally.

The Europeans have been quick to grasp the fallacy of the original premises. Yet the Europeans themselves, especially the French, are largely responsible for the misshapen nature of NATO. Originally, the North Atlantic Treaty was designed as a declaration of political and economic as well as military solidarity. Its nonmilitary aspect was, however, overshadowed by the historic decision of Canada and the United States to consider an attack upon western Europe as an attack upon themselves. Unfortunately, this military overemphasis was increased by French insistence that the United States promise not only to fight an aggressor but to start fighting him at the eastern frontiers of western Europe.

The United States agreed to this far-reaching extension of its commitment without facing its obvious implications. One of these was that an agreement to fight an invader in central Germany would inevitably lead to West German rearmament. The Korean War did not cause the United States to reverse its policy with respect to Germany; it merely provided the occasion for a reversal that had already become inevitable. The American demand for West German rearmament, in September, 1950, caused the first wide-open cleavage in European opinion, one segment of which then and there became permanently alienated from NATO. This was true not only in the continental countries that Nazi Germany had overrun but in Britain and in Germany itself. The decision also strengthened Russian fear of NATO as a potentially offensive alliance.

At the Lisbon Conference of 1952, the United States finally persuaded the European governments to accept some form of German rearmament as well as a schedule of forced-draft build-up of their own military establishments. At the same time, the alliance was extended to include Greece and Turkey, two nations traditionally hostile to each other.

The Lisbon schedule turned out to be beyond the capacity of the nations participating. As a matter of fact, the goals set for 1954 have yet to be fulfilled. A cutback in promised American aid and a "stretch-out" in American rearmament were followed by a general slowdown in European efforts. When the incoming Eisenhower Administration ordered further reductions, adopted the "new look," and apparently placed its reliance upon "massive retaliation," the NATO wheels ground to a halt.

The Crisis of 1954

An equally important reason for the slowdown was French reluctance to ratify the treaty that would authorize German rearmament. When this European Defense Community Treaty was finally rejected in August, 1954, NATO faced a crisis of the first magnitude. Rapid British footwork resulted in the development of a substitute plan. Whereas the EDC treaty would have brought about a considerable degree of political and

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economic integration in addition to a common defense force, the Western European Union substitute provided merely for adding West Germany to a strictly military alliance. Since then, however, opposition within Germany to NATO membership at the cost of continued partition has mounted steadily. At best, it will be three years before the twelve German divisions will be added to NATO. There is considerable doubt whether they will ever materialize as NATO reinforcements.

Meanwhile, France has now withdrawn the large majority of its NATO forces for duty in North Africa. The building and modernization of airfields is behind schedule. If war were to come tomorrow, there seems little doubt that Russia would enjoy not only immense superiority in ground forces but initial tactical air superiority as well. Small wonder that General Gruenther, NATO's retiring Supreme Commander, recently told a British audience that his organization was not yet capable of repelling an invasion.

In addition to a glaring weakness on the central front, which would invite invasion if the Russians had any intention to risk that adventure, NATO's Mediterranean flank has disintegrated, largely as a result of the Anglo-Greek quarrel over Cyprus. In the north, NATO's Icelandic base is in jeopardy because of local political opposition. These are the military facts.

THE POLITICAL and economic dangers facing the North Atlantic Community are even more serious. Britain, France, and Germany are its European mainstays. Britain faces bankruptcy and impotence if it loses its now seriously endangered hold on the oil fields of the Persian Gulf area. France faces decline to the rank of a third-rate power through the loss of North Africa. Germany is slowly drifting toward direct negotiation with Russia, which may well mean abandonment of military alliance with the West.

Relations between Germany and France are getting worse rather than better. The French are unhappy over losing the Saar and have angered the Germans by suggesting that disarmament take precedence over German reunification. American influence in Germany is waning because of the obvious bankruptcy of a policy that seeks to force from Russia what amounts to unconditional surrender in an all-German settlement. Britain, the traditional moderator, is too beset with its own troubles in the Middle East to devise a way out of the German impasse.

All three of our major Allies are openly critical of Washington's overemphasis upon the purely military aspects of the European problem. Italy, too, does not hesitate to voice its dissatisfaction. President Gronchi recently told our Congress that NATO is out of date and "the reorganization of the western world" should be the first order of business. Our good friend and neighbor, Canada, has repeatedly warned that NATO will not survive unless its political, social, and economic clauses are implemented.

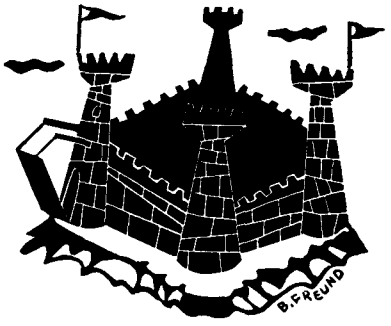
Basic Organization

This is the background against which one must consider what remedial action should be taken. If NATO cannot survive as a purely military alliance, what else can it become? This, in turn, raises the question: Is NATO itself necessarily the instrument through which Atlantic solidarity can be revitalized?

The obvious answer is that something must be done not just about NATO but about the basic organization of the Atlantic Community.

If the organized life of the Atlantic Community is to exist only in NATO, then Atlantic solidarity is already moribund.

NATO is obsolete in every respect except that it embodies the undertaking of Canada and the United States to consider an attack upon western Europe as an attack upon themselves. In all other respects, it bears the marks of the time when it was believed that the United States had a monopoly of atomic weapons. It is doubtful whether even later the significance of Russia's penetration of the atomic secret sank fully into the minds of the NATO planners.



If the Atlantic Community is to regain its inner solidarity and recapture the moral leadership of the world, it must present itself to the world in a garb other than that of NATO. We rightly think of the Atlantic Community as the breeding ground of freedom. We tend to forget that, in the eyes of many of the world's peoples, the Atlantic Community is also the cradle of colonialism and that it has been the breeding ground of many wars. In the view of this observer, it is neither fitting nor expedient that the vital center of western civilization should stand embodied before the world in a military organization—especially a military organization dominated by three nations of which two have been and still are the world's greatest colonial powers. If it is to revitalize itself and its influence, the Atlantic Community must organize and be represented by an entity recognized by all the world's peoples as an instrument of progress toward greater freedom, human betterment, and lasting peace.

Nonmilitary Council

What needs to be done cannot be accomplished merely by giving NATO new jobs to do or creating a "Cabinet" charged with the consideration of political and economic problems. It can be accomplished only if the Atlantic Community breaks out of its military shell and brings into being a wholly new, nonmilitary Atlantic Council.

This new embodiment of the western heritage would concern itself first of all with developing the political, social, and economic solidarity of the Community. Secondly, the new council would seek to develop common policy with respect to other parts of the world. Third, the council would speak for the West in dealings with the Sino-Soviet orbit, instead of leaving such negotiations to be conducted by the American, British, and French Foreign Ministers.

ONE of the council's chief aims in such negotiations would be to achieve peace settlements and an

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over-all security agreement, effectively enforced by the United Nations. Should it succeed in this endeavor, the need for alliances and counter-alliances would eventually be eliminated. This is the ultimate goal toward which Sir Winston Churchill recently directed attention.

MEANWHILE, what of NATO? The alliance would continue to exist as long as necessary but, even as such, it requires drastic reorganization. It needs a modernization of its strategic concepts and, above all, a long-overdue revision of the bankrupt western policy with respect to Germany. Such a revision would aim at the military neutralization of a reunified Germany and the creation of the widest possible neutralized belt across central Europe.

A militarily neutralized Germany, excluded from NATO, would not be prevented from joining the new Atlantic Council any more than a neutralized Soviet satellite would be prevented from maintaining its close political and economic ties with the Soviet Union. Germany would not become a vacuum, cut loose from its western moorings. It would, in every sense except that of a military alliance, be a member of the Atlantic Community. Should Russia reject this proposal, the West could still proceed to admit West Germany to the new Atlantic Council, releasing it from NATO and thus placing the onus for continued partition squarely upon the Kremlin.

Finally, since membership in the new organization would require no military commitment whatever, it is quite conceivable that even such determined European neutrals as Switzerland and Sweden might be willing to join and thus to round out the Atlantic Community.

THE Atlantic Community needs more than a long-overdue reorganization of NATO. It needs a wholly new instrument to express and pursue its affirmative purposes, until the day when peace is firmly established and even this new instrument can safely be dissolved into a fully functioning world organization. It is encouraging that the study committee recently appointed by the NATO Council consists of the Foreign Ministers of Canada, Italy, and Norway.

Michigan's Wandering Air Base

PAUL SOUTHWICK

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, particularly committee chairmen, display a well-developed sense of outrage at the ineptitudes of the Executive Branch of the government. When there is evidence of favoritism or rivalry among the bureaucrats that contributes to the impairment of our nation's defenses, the uproar on Capitol Hill knows no bounds. The Appropriations Committees watch with an icy eye for such evidence. The Armed Services Committees are equally stern watchdogs. The purse-string power of these committees provides authority enough, but as a further precautionary measure in the vital area of national defense, Congress in 1951 gave its Armed Services Committees veto power over Pentagon decisions on real-estate transactions amounting to $25,000 or more. This is a case study of how well the two committees in the House have handled that stewardship. It is also the story of a wandering jet air base.

Early in 1954, the Air Force asked Congress for seven new jet interceptor bases "urgently needed" to protect the nation's borders. One should be built near Traverse City in northern Michigan, the Air Force testified, to connect with the important radar center already located twenty-five miles to the west at Empire on Lake Michigan.

"We want to be able to start hitting our enemy as soon as we can pick them up on the northern approaches," Colonel W. G. Moore told the House Armed Services Committee. "We want to fight them all the way down, rather than at the bomb release line. We want to knock them down before they release bombs."

The late Paul Shafer (R., Michigan), a veteran member of the then Republican-controlled committtee, immediately raised the question of why the base could not be placed in his Congressional district in southern Michigan, since the armed services were closing down installations there. But the Air Force insisted that the new base must be within sixty miles of the Empire radar center near Traverse City. Shafer's district was too far away.

So Congress promptly approved the project, voted appropriations to get it started, and specifically left it up to the Air Force to determine the exact site within "the Traverse City area." Representative Ruth Thompson (R.) proudly issued an announcement that her district, which includes Traverse City, would get the base.

The Music Barrier

Everything was moving in good order, but in reality the trouble had just begun. First, the Air Force selected a site at Long Lake, a resort area near Traverse City, but withdrew rather quickly after receiving protests from the Long Lake Citizens Association that the jets would disrupt the National Music Camp at nearby Interlochen.

On June 17, the Air Force announced its second choice—Homestead in Benzie County, some twenty miles south of Empire but still in Miss Thompson's district. Two weeks later, Shafer wired Armed Services Committee Chairman Dewey Short (R., Missouri) that there were two cemeteries on the Homestead site, which he said would entail "considerable additional expense, including the cost of obtaining permission from relatives to move bodies, acquisition of new sites, and reinterment of the bodies." Shafer informed Short that the Air Force had agreed to hold up the project pending an on-the-spot investigation by committee members. He asked Short to appoint three members to look over the situation. Short named Shafer, L. Mendel Rivers (D., South Carolina), and Victor Wickersham (D., Oklahoma).

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On July 30 the three-man subcommittee flew up to survey the area. They drove to Interlochen and, according to their official report, made a "thorough inspection of the music camp." Their report said nothing about inspecting the Homestead site; the music camp evidently had been enough. "It is an understatement to say that the subcommittee was most impressed with this remarkable institution," they reported, recommending that no jet base be located anywhere within fifteen miles of the camp. The Armed Services Committee promptly backed up the subcommittee and imposed a fifteen-mile ban around the music camp. That vetoed Homestead.

Miss Thompson on Bribery

The Air Force next turned to Cadillac, Michigan, forty-odd miles southeast of Empire. Unlike Homestead, Cadillac was not bothered by a cultural barrier. Cadillac interests had been making strong efforts to obtain the air base. They may have been too eager.

Representative Thompson some time later made public the charge that during this time she was offered a "bribe" in the form of a one-thousand-dollar campaign contribution if she would help Cadillac, another town within her district, get the base. Miss Thompson, a former probate judge who has been in public service for forty-two years, has refused to identify the man who approached her with the "bribe." But, in January, 1956, some eighteen months after it happened, she announced: ". . . he told me bluntly that 'I must support the air base at Cadillac,' and then added: 'The Cadillac boys are going to give you a thousand dollars for your campaign.'" She claimed that she had privately informed Air Force Secretary Harold E. Talbott of the "bribe" offer and that he assured her the base would "never, never go to Cadillac."

"He confirmed that statement several times, the last time vehemently, and with evident impatience, on November 16, 1954," she related.

Evidently Talbott changed his mind quickly. On December 2 his office, without explanation, informed Miss Thompson the base *would* go to Cadillac. Miss Thompson had appealed to Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, who asked Talbott to call her. Talbott telephoned her on December 22 and, according to her later testimony, apologized for the "mess" he had made.

Mr. Talbott's Disgust

On January 12, 1955, with the Democrats now in control of Congress, a new blow fell on the project. Chairman Clarence Cannon (D., Missouri), of the House Appropriations Committee, froze the funds for the project. Cannon, who apparently had been keeping an eye on the controversy, informed Talbott that the Cadillac site was too expensive and instructed him that he would have to make another choice.

By this time Talbott, not an overly patient man, was getting riled. As he told the Armed Services Committee, in February, 1955, ". . . I have been scolded until I am really awfully fed up with the Traverse City area . . . The Congresswoman from that district thinks I ruined her. I don't know what to do. I would do anything."

A committee member mentioned Talbott's "public relations" in handling the problem of a site.

"As a matter of fact, I get so frustrated, I don't care much about our public relations up there," Talbott told the Committee heatedly. "I am disgusted with some of the people up there and the way they handled it. Some of them have been good losers and some of them haven't.

"Really the location of these bases is a terrible problem," he said. "Every time you go into a place you get opposition, vicious opposition, and then you get a group that are for it. The longer you delay any decision, the more serious the problem."

With some delay, interest in sites outside Miss Thompson's district but still within the Traverse City area began to build up. Representative Victor A. Knox, a Michigan Republican from a district adjoining Miss Thompson's, noted that the Appropriations Committee had blocked Cadillac, and asked Chairman Carl Vinson (D., Georgia) of the House Armed Services Committee to hear supporters for a site at Kalkaska in his own district, about forty miles east of Empire. Vinson flatly turned down Knox's request in a letter dated January 19: "It has been the experience of the committee that unless there are obvious and compelling reasons for reconsideration of the site selected, and these reasons should, in the last analysis, relate directly to our defense, no useful purpose is served by engaging in action which can well be construed as substituting the judgment of the committee for the qualified people in the military departments," Vinson wrote Knox.

THE SUPPORTERS of the Homestead site were still trying. The Grand Traverse County Democratic Committee cited studies of the Armour Foundation, the Illinois Institute of Technology, and the University of Michigan Physics Laboratory in an effort to show that the base at Homestead would not interfere with the music camp. A. L. Finch, co-chairman of the Homestead Jet Base Committee, wrote Vinson and Cannon that "politics played a major part in the selection of the Cadillac site and the rejection of the Homestead site." Finch asked Vinson to reverse the music-camp ban.

Vinson replied: "Throughout the hearings on the bill, and today, the single interest of the committee has been the establishment of the base in a location which will best defend the United States. Indeed, there is no other important consideration involved." Apparently, however, Vinson decided that his committee had made a mistake after all in barring the Homestead site because of the music camp. On March 29 he asked the Committee to reconsider but he was voted down, 19-5. The ban on Homestead remained.

Agreement on Kalkaska

Talbott soon afterward appealed to Cannon of the Appropriations Committee to approve Cadillac. "We

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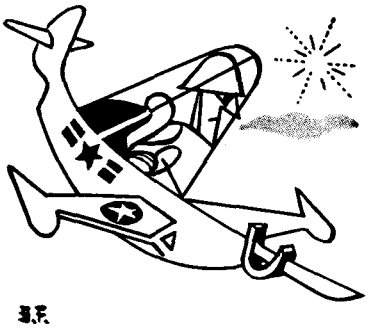
already have the aircraft and personnel available," he wrote in June, 1955, "and our program calls for it to be activated in the late winter of 1957. I believe it is important to our air defense picture that it be completed at the earliest practicable date." He said "community support" at Cadillac outweighed the extra cost of a base there.

But he reckoned without the angry Congresswoman. Miss Thomp-



son, in a stormy private session with Talbott, Vinson, and Chairman George H. Mahon (D., Texas) of the House Military Appropriations subcommittee, related her still secret story of the attempted "bribe." The Appropriations Committee, in July, 1955, formally voted to bar funds for Cadillac and directed the Air Force to choose another site.

By this time, Talbott had more pressing personal troubles. But on July 28, four days before resigning under fire for a conflict of interest in business affairs, Talbott picked the Kalkaska site in Representative Knox's district. It was the fourth site in the controversy, but the first outside Miss Thompson's district. The Appropriations Committees promptly released the funds. The Air Force asked the House and Senate Armed Services Committees if it was all right to proceed. There was no objection. "In the last analysis," Vinson concluded in a statement, "military consideration alone must dictate the location of the base, and the location having been established by the Air Force within the Traverse City area ends the subject so far as the Armed Services Committee is concerned."

The Move to Manistee

But the controversy was by no means settled. Although the Air Force had enough money to break ground and make a start on the jet base, for some reason it decided to request additional funds early in 1956. This meant securing a new authorization from the Armed Services Committee.

NEW PROTESTS were quick in coming. At a hearing on March 7 a spokesman for the summer residents at Torch Lake, just north of Kalkaska, duly protested the harm that their valuable properties would inevitably suffer.

There was also an old protest which suddenly took on new vigor. Congresswoman Thompson appeared and complained bitterly that the Air Force had promised the base for her district. She recommended a fifth site—at Manistee, which lies within her district.

Representative Short, the senior Republican committee member, was deeply moved. "It seems to me there is a moral issue involved here, and I don't think the Air Force has kept faith with Miss Thompson," he said. "I think she has been cruelly treated. They have accepted two or three different sites at different times, but . . . many times Miss Thompson was assured and was repeatedly told that this site would be located in the Ninth Michigan District." Short said the Committee should go ahead and select the site. "We just get ourselves in one awful mess by not acting with dispatch and decision."

"That is exactly what we discussed yesterday," Vinson said in agreement. "and I think the Committee is making a mistake when we establish an area. It is our responsibility to locate it and submit it to the Congress for their consideration."

Representative James P. S. Devereux (R., Maryland) proposed that the base be located in Manistee.

JOHN M. FERRY, Air Force Special Assistant for installations, protested that the move would seriously delay the project, that it would be more expensive at Manistee, and that the Air Force had already spent or committed between $400,000 and $500,000 at Kalkaska.

Ferry pointed out that selection of another site would put off construction one year. He argued that most of the flying at Kalkaska would be in an east-west direction and would not interfere with Torch Lake, eight miles north. "We have been very much amazed at the protest because we cannot see where the disturbance will result."

Representative Knox protested that his constituents in the Kalkaska area had contributed $74,000 and actually spent $19,000 to buy up land to donate to the Air Force for the base.

But the Committee was resolute. The next day, March 8, it voted 21-5 in favor of switching the site to Manistee. "Therefore," Vinson announced, "the motion is carried and the base is fixed by the Armed Services Committee at Manistee."

Dissertations on Delay

That left the Air Force in a complete box. Its initial funds, controlled by the Appropriations Committee, were now earmarked for Kalkaska. But the Armed Services Committee, exercising its control over authorizations, was directing that the Michigan base be built at Manistee.

On April 10 the House took up the bill containing the Committee's provision to move the base to Manistee, and the debate lasted off and on for three days.

Gerald R. Ford, Jr. (R., Michigan), a member of the House Military Appropriations subcommittee, argued against the provision. "This problem, or controversy, has been a

long and sordid one," he declared. "I would be the very first to agree that many people are to blame. There may be some committees which are to blame in this controversy, including my own committee, but when we reach a certain point we have got to wipe out the past record and do what we can to rem-

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edy the situation as economically as possible and as quickly as possible."

If the move is made, Ford said, "The construction of this vitally important jet base in the State of Michigan will be delayed one year, and, secondly, an additional cost of a minimum of $5,188,950 will be involved." He then proceeded to offer an amendment to block the move.

Vinson chided Ford for talking about delay when it was the Appropriations Committee that had voted to block construction at Cadillac. "Let us not talk about delay," Vinson told him, "because the committee which refused to appropriate the money delayed it and it is still delayed. As a matter of fact, it may be that after a while it may be decided that the security of the country does not require any base up there at all. But, for the time being, let us forget about delay because I do not think it comes with good grace for our good friend to be talking about delay. . . ."

"It also should be pointed out, however," Ford said, "that the first delay in this controversy resulted from action taken by the subcommittee of the Committee on Armed Services when they drew a fifteen-mile circle around the Interlochen Music Camp. . . ."

". . . It may not be becoming to me to talk about delay," Vinson said, "but I think certainly it is not becoming to you to talk about it."

DEVEREUX, a Marine Corps general of Second World War fame, put the issue on another basis. He said the Air Force had promised Miss Thompson that the base would be built in her district, and had not made good on the promise. "This kind of thing," Devereux said, is "politically embarrassing" to a Congressman.

"It is certainly true that to allow this to go on would make it possible for the Executive Branch to put any member in a most embarrassing position if they were, so to speak, to pull the rug out from under him," Devereux added. "To carry this a little further, suppose the Executive Branch found one, two, or three members of this body who did not go along with them, did not believe in some of their proposals; it would be a very, very simple matter to put

UMBRAGE, ANYONE?

ERIC SEVAREID

Usually the annual epidemic of foot-in-mouth disease does not strike until the sultry, end-of-Congress dog days begin ravaging the nerve ends. But the epidemic is already full upon us, possibly because of the fact that politics is in the air, more heavily microbe-laden than normally.

The staunchest bodies are being laid low, day after day, stung by the infection of their own sharp tongues. It all started, strangely enough, with a doctor, the President's physician, General Snyder, who told reporters that he'd be against the President vacationing in a high altitude this first year after his heart attack. Residents of Colorado, folks who can move mountains but don't care to lower them, took umbrage. Chief umbrage-taker was an editor in Colorado Springs who fired off a telegram to Dr. Snyder, thoughtfully making a carbon copy for the press. He said Colorado doctors disagree and implied that they know more about high-altitude effects than any medic in Washington, for all practical purposes a sea-level swamp. He demanded that Dr. Snyder apologize, but didn't make it clear who had been insulted—the state governor, the state tourist office, or the mountains.

Then Harry Truman, off in Italy, said the Salerno and Anzio battles must have been planned by some squirrel-headed general. This reaped a bumper crop of umbrage, in both England and America. Truman didn't apologize, either to the generals or the squirrels. He just said he never said it. If he didn't, the reporter who sent the story is a master of the Truman idiom.

Then came the old reliable, Defense Secretary Wilson. Speaking of uniformed officers who have been publicly protesting his policies, Wilson said, "We ll see who sticks their head up next. I think it might be a little dangerous." Senator Jackson immediately took umbrage: "That was a terrible thing to say," he said. He was not, apparently, objecting to Wilson's terrible grammar, knowing that this is a political era in which sloppy grammar is a sure sign of down-to-earth, rough-and-ready, hundred per cent Americanism. Rather, he was objecting to Wilson's threat to chop off the next head, brass hat and all, that appeared above the Pentagon trench. Recently, these officers have been following the old maxim that even the turtle makes no progress unless he sticks his neck out.

The last time Mr. Wilson caught the foot-in-mouth virus was during the political campaign of 1954. Many auto workers in Detroit were laid off at the time and protesting their lot. It was then that Mr. Wilson said he preferred the bird dog who gets out and hunts for his food to the kennel dog who sits on his fanny and yells. Reliable authorities have estimated this remark cost the Republican Party one seat in the Senate.

Well, history has repeated itself in really uncanny fashion. There is another election campaign on, there is again mass unemployment in Detroit, and another official of the Eisenhower Administration has visited Detroit, has talked with another group of reporters, and has outdone Mr. Wilson, if that be possible. Mr. Howard Pyle, one of the President's chief assistants, said, "The right to suffer is one of the joys of a free economy, just as the right to prosper is." Wham! Off went another protesting telegram, this time to the President from Walter Reuther of the auto workers' union. He too thoughtfully had a copy for the press.

Mr. Pyle didn't, like Mr. Truman, deny he'd said it. He just apologized—to everybody offended, he said, presumably including the Republican candidates in Michigan. He didn't even try to explain his remark. Some cynical observers around here have suggested that what he really meant was that what's bad for General Motors is good for the country. But that seems doubtful.

Maybe he was just trying to express the thought of the seventeenth-century poet who said, "Who breathes must suffer and thinks must mourn." The next line is not, but ought to be, "Who talks to reporters off the cuff in election year must hate himself in the morning."

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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that member of this body in a position so that they could go out and embarrass him politically to the extent they could get rid of him."

Mr. Vinson Makes Things Clear

Vinson made the issue even clearer when asked why the site should be changed one more time.

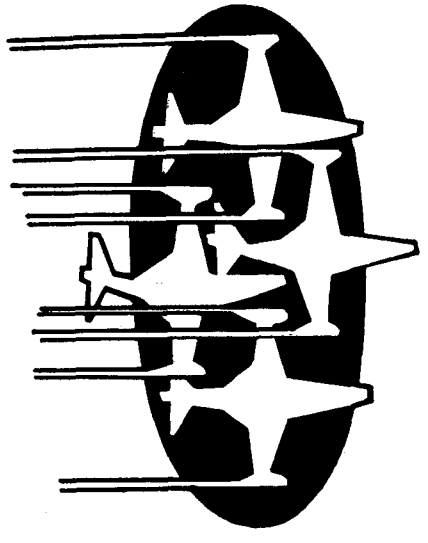
"I will tell you the reason why," Vinson replied. "Twenty-one members [of the Armed Services Committee] voted to make the change. As I said a moment ago, we wanted to do right by a member of this House who had been the victim of unfortunate circumstances. That is the reason. And I base my vote entirely upon that ground."

Knox warned that the year's delay on the base "could create circumstances leading to another Pearl Harbor. The Communist menace is such that we can ill afford complacency with respect to any gaps in our defenses."

Vinson wound up the debate. "Mr. Chairman, the gentlewoman from Michigan has been the victim of an unfortunate series of circumstances beyond our control," he said. "The way to right that is to vote down this amendment. I ask for a vote."

The House voted 85-52 to sustain Vinson, who for years has been the leading military authority in Congress and whose views on military matters carry great weight.

Then the issue of Michigan's wandering air base was passed to the Senate.



On the Spot in Algeria

1. The Village on the Djebel

EDMOND TAYLOR

RIVET

UNTIL the shooting started, four turbaned country Moslems were waiting with the traditional patience of Oriental petitioners in the sandbagged, yellow-stucco *mairie*. Suddenly they were down the front steps and gone. For perhaps a minute the May sun of Africa beat down on the dusty municipal plaza lined with tamarisks, momentarily drained of sound or movement. Up on the grassy *djebel* that looms like a green wall above Rivet, closing off the coastal plain, smoke continued to rise from the rubble of a Fellagha stronghold that had been demolished by French artillery fire the day before, but nothing else stirred.

Then several French half-tracks mounting heavy machine guns clattered around the corner, their crews shouting hoarsely—perhaps to bolster civilian morale, perhaps to dismay potential terrorists. Aloof and dignified, the four Moslem clients of colonial bureaucracy came drifting back from what some unfathomable instinct had evidently made them feel was a better 'ole. Finally a hatless, excited Frenchman walked briskly up the steps of the *mairie*, saying as he passed me, "It was nothing, nothing at all."

In a way he was right. Yet what has been happening in this once-prosperous, California-looking fruit-growing center of monotonously neat cement or stucco villas, seventeen miles southeast of Algiers and barely five from the rim of its Maison Blanche airfield, illustrates with painful clarity the difficult military and psychological problems the French must solve in order to put down the nationalist rebellion.

The Vipers' Nest

For nearly a week before I flagged a taxicab in Algiers and drove here along a flower-bordered but ominously empty road between truck gardens and orchards, Rivet had been harassed by terrorists and small guerrilla bands slipping down from the *djebel*. A French tradesman had been shot dead making deliveries on the outskirts of town, and the mayor had narrowly escaped assassination.

The day before my visit French military forces operating in the area had fought a brilliant little action against the rebels that paradoxically dealt a crushing blow to the morale of the local European settlers. A bare five hundred yards above their heads on the mountain slope an innocuous-looking Moslem village, well known to them as a recruitment center for their farm hands and house servants, had turned out to be a systematically organized rebel military base, complete with crude bunkers and entrenchments, radio receivers, and scientifically cleared fire lanes. A score of uniformed rebels wearing American helmets and well supplied with automatic arms had been installed there for weeks with the complicity and support of practically the whole village. Minutes after a patrol stumbled onto this vipers' nest the French were pouring shells from their light tanks into it, and then they stormed it, Foreign Legion style, killing or capturing all the armed rebels and rounding up about eighty suspected accomplices. The army was pleased with itself.

"Kid stuff," a red-faced French sergeant told me, "but we got a chance to use our tanks for once." "For beginners, my boys did all right," remarked the shaven-headed colonel in rumpled battle dress who had directed the assault of the mixed task force on the rebel village and had himself miraculously escaped a Sten-gun burst fired at twenty yards from behind a cactus hedge.

But down in Rivet itself the mood was less euphoric. "Better not go up the *djebel* without an escort," one of the local gendarmes told me after cautiously unbolting his door to let

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me in. "All the rebels were killed yesterday—but sometimes they come back to life."

"They caught my servants helping the rebels," said a middle-aged French housewife from whom we asked directions on the edge of town. "Twenty years I've had them with me—and now they turn against us." Her eyes filled with tears and she quickly turned away.

To old French settlers in Algeria the suspicion that trusted servants or employees may turn on them at any moment like house dogs suddenly gone mad, the shattering of a community spirit between French and Moslems that they did not realize had existed until it was gone, constitutes a serious psychic shock. The ruthless nationalist strategy seeks to exploit this reaction, both in order to make the fissure between French and Moslem communities irrevocable and to intensify the demoralization of the French.

"You can't blame people here for being shaken," I was told by Mayor Jean Manent, a gray, slight little man whose kindly, tired face belied the bitter colonialist clichés with which his conversation was studded. "For weeks we've been rubbing shoulders with assassins, not knowing it. Who was the leader of the Fellaghas? A local Moslem shopkeeper with many regular European customers. Who was the young fanatic who wouldn't surrender and had to be blasted out of his foxhole with hand grenades? Ahmed, the waiter at the café on the corner. How do you know any more whom you can trust and whom you can't? The people here know that there are bad Arabs and good Arabs—or at least some Arabs who are less bad—but there's no way to tell them apart. So naturally they come to think all Arabs are enemies. But that would make civil war, so I spend my days trying to keep it from breaking out.

"But it's no use. This pacification strategy the politicians in Paris have laid down just doesn't work. The army isn't tough enough. They aren't hitting those rebels as they ought to. They should have kept firing yesterday when they had the village surrounded. Instead do you know what they did with a lot of their prisoners? Turned them loose."

At this moment the phone rang. The mayor uttered a few monosyllables, then laid down the receiver and slowly, heavily got to his feet.

"I'm sorry, I have to leave you now," he said. "I'm wanted over at the gendarmerie on account of that shooting in the streets a few minutes ago. They've killed another one."

"Another Frenchman, Monsieur le Maire?"

"No," he answered quietly, "an Arab. He tried to break away."

What Will Remain?

If it were possible to draw up an accurate balance sheet on the psychological gains and losses in the Battle of Rivet, one could probably form a pretty good idea as to how the Battle of Algeria will turn out. Unfortunately, to do that one would need to know how the struggles in the minds of individual French and Moslem inhabitants of Rivet are developing. Will M. Manent eventually work out some personal formula for reconciling the folklore of colonialism with his own sense of basic human decency and the imperatives of interracial living in a mixed community like Rivet? Will his jittery European fellow citizens end by convincing themselves that the only good Arab is a dead Arab? Will the relatives of the Arab who tried to break away from the lockup feel they have to avenge him? And what about the friends of young Ahmed, the waiter, or those of M. Kassouli, the popular local linen merchant and secret Fellagha chief? Will the Moslem villagers remember the ruthless efficiency of the French assault on their neighbors or the relative humanity with which it was carried out?

Up to now the evidence is contradictory. Some villagers have come down from the mountain, according to the French authorities, to seek French protection and even to offer military information. On the other hand, the four Moslems I saw waiting in the *mairie*, the safest place in town, scuttled away from it to hide elsewhere when shooting broke out. Normally 228 children attend the local school. At present there are only fifty, including twenty Moslems.

"We'll have this sector completely cleaned up in a few days," the colonel said. "Then everybody will calm down again."

I wondered whether he was right.

2. Robert Lacoste: Reformer and Realist

Algiers

The first tomatoes began to fly as the Ministerial Citroën swung into the palm-lined avenue that leads to the war monument, and the raucous chant of "*Algérie Française!*" swelled to a defiant crescendo from the crowd massed behind a thin cordon of municipal police and black-helmeted Security Guards. Probably nobody wanted big-scale trouble, but for a few moments it looked as if V-E Day in Algiers might turn out to be worse than February 6, when Premier Guy Mollet was almost lynched by a rightist mob. All the ingredients of a major explosion were present, squeezed into a tightly packed charge: European *colons* with nerves frayed by the spread of nationalist terrorism; French university students furious over a governmental decree reserving half the jobs in the Algerian administration and public services for Moslems; war veterans bristling with outraged patriotism; Moslems lightheaded from their Ramadan fasting and traditionally fanaticized by the approaching climax of the holy month. And the sun beat down out of a crystalline midmorning sky like an invitation to wrath.

At One-Yard Range

Anything could happen in such an atmosphere, but it would have been hard to imagine something more startling than what actually did happen. The official cortege abruptly halted near the white neo-Moorish central post office, where the crowd was thickest. A somewhat chubby man in a dark suit brandishing a pair of gloves in his right hand stepped out of the lead car, waved back a flustered police escort, and walked over to the curb. Facing his

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critics at a range of less than one yard, Resident Minister Robert Lacoste singled out a beribboned war veteran with dark glasses and proceeded to lecture him in language that Harry S. Truman would certainly have appreciated if he had been born a Frenchman.

I was too far away to hear what was said and the local press next morning gave a heavily expurgated version of the Minister's impromptu remarks, but both their trend and the vigor of the wording were unmistakable at a distance. In brief, Lacoste indicated that throwing tomatoes at the symbol of French authority on such a solemn occasion and under the dramatic circumstances prevailing in Algeria did not strike him as either good taste or good sense; speaking as a volunteer in both world wars, he could think of better ways to express one's patriotism in a war situation. Then, turning on his heel, the Minister proceeded with unruffled dignity to lay a wreath on the monument to Algiers's war dead.

For reasons rooted in the mysteries of mob psychology, the incident effectively de-armed the human land mine that circumstances had planted that morning in the heart of Algiers, and V-E Day ended up as a victory for Lacoste over the forces of reactionary colonialism that for months had been trying to block every suggestion of reform in Algeria.

The students went on demonstrating for a couple of hours, but that only served to show the Algerian Moslems how tough Lacoste could be with his own countrymen—he put a couple of student leaders into the workhouse for thirty days and packed the chiefs of the colonialist organization that had instigated the demonstrations onto the night plane for Paris with one-way tickets. He may also have given some Moslems the hope that there was more in his rather modest initial administrative reform than met the eye. As a gauge of Lacoste's success in coping with the nationalist rebellion the whole affair was not entirely conclusive, but it showed his character and his general approach to the critical problems confronting him. Long considered by insiders as one of the few impressive Socialist leaders, Lacoste is rapidly emerging as one of the strong men of France.

Everything Is Clear

Short, cheerful, thickly muscled, Lacoste at fifty-seven looks like a welterweight boxer only slightly over age. Pugnacity is certainly one of his traits but it does not seem the dominant one. It is his poise and lucidity that impress one the most. He is completely at ease in his immense, marble-lined red-carpeted proconsular office in the modern Government General building that towers above the city, but he is just as relaxed in a rowdy electoral meeting, at a press conference, or in the middle of a hostile mob. He is equally unawed by politicians, generals, diplomats, journalists, and terrorists, and in so far as circumstances permit he quickly establishes human contact with any of them. He emanates confidence and certainty in almost visible waves. He does not attempt to persuade; it is simply that everything is crystal clear to him and he tries to share his clarity with you. As he talks, pausing between sentences and carefully picking his words, he makes neat little gestures with his hands as if he were carving the bird of truth before your eyes and serving it to you in small slices.

Robert Lacoste

Supporters of former Premier Pierre Mendès-France blame Lacoste for not cracking down harder on the local *colons,* for slowness and timidity in launching needed reforms, and—somewhat contradictorily—for believing that social and economic reform, plus military pacification, can solve the Algerian problem. Whatever foundation there may be to these criticisms—which in part inspired Mendès-France's resignation from the Mollet Cabinet—is purely a matter of degree. Mendès might have been tougher, but Lacoste is still tough. His reforms might have had greater psychological impact if they had been worked out with more dash, but they are on the way and some of them are pretty dramatic. Nobody who talks to Lacoste for even a few minutes can doubt, for example, that if he remains in office long enough to work out all the immensely complex technical details involved, he will put into effect a really revolutionary land-reform program. Nor can there be any doubt that he will ruthlessly crush the resistance of the big landowning *colons* and companies to this program.

Lacoste, however, is too much of a realist to imagine that any land-reform or land-development program in a basically poor country like Algeria can solve the crucial problem of Moslem pauperism. And he knows that even if pauperism could be ended, that would not put an end to the nationalist rebellion. There is good reason to believe that he is just as acutely aware of the need for bolstering economic and social reform with drastic political reform as Mendès is. What makes the two

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men apparently irreconcilable politically is not their objectives or their basic estimates of the problem in Algeria but their respective temperaments and backgrounds.

Not Without Fighting

Besides having held important Ministerial portfolios in several postwar governments, Lacoste, a top leader and hero of the Resistance, was for many years before the war one of the aides of the late Léon Jouhaux, head of the largest French labor organization, the CGT, which at that time was not yet under Communist control.

Like many another leader who has worked his way up through the labor ranks, Lacoste believes that nobody ever wins anything or holds anything without fighting for it. If you offer to negotiate too soon, you lose your strike. If the boss or the rival union chief discovers you are just as tough as he is, he will respect you, and then you can negotiate profitably, perhaps end up good friends.

The soundness of this philosophy was impressed on Lacoste at the time of Munich. A "man of good will" at heart, he had for several years been associated with a group founded by the novelist Jules Romains that sought to avert the impending clash between the democracies and the Axis powers. Munich convinced him that appeasement was not the road to peace, and he became the leader of the anti-Munich faction in the CGT.

The spectacle of many of his syndicalist and Socialist friends turning from appeasers into defeatists and from defeatists into Nazi collaborationists left an indelible mark on Lacoste's mind. Whereas Mendès regards the intransigence of the *colons* as one of the main obstacles to a peaceful settlement in Algeria, to Lacoste the most dangerous obstacle is the threat of defeatism at home. Defeatism, he is convinced, cannot lead to peace in Algeria but only to an extension of the war. According to well-informed sources here, Lacoste is not unalterably opposed to negotiation with the leaders of the rebellion but feels that negotiations can only succeed if they are conducted by an armed government, not a disarmed one.

Coup de Théâtre At Stuttgart

PAUL MOOR

BONN

KONRAD ADENAUER has long banked entirely on a clean division between East and West, and this division has diminished during past weeks with dramatic swiftness. The Russians have gone to England, Tito has gone to France and to Moscow. Mollet and Pineau have also gone

to Moscow, and in the near future Yugoslavia will send a delegation there. The Russians have begun trading visits with the Scandinavian countries, and considerable credence is placed here in a report by the influential Hamburg paper *Die Welt* that preparations are well under way, behind closed doors in Washington, for an American-Russian encounter on a comparable level.

Meanwhile, West Germany's Era of Adenauer is quietly but undeniably drawing to a close. This was apparent at the recent Stuttgart convention of his own party, the Christian Democratic Union, when the eighty-year-old Chancellor's opening speech was received with completely unprecedented reserve. A day later, *der Alte* found himself with an open, equally unprecedented party rebellion on his hands. Since then events have moved fast, and mostly to the embarrassment of Adenauer's inexorable foreign policy.

Moscow has announced a reduction of its armed forces by 1,200,000 men within the next year—a move which, despite Bonn's official statements, has had considerable impact upon the West Germans, most of whom still strongly oppose conscription—and who will be going to the polls next year. Churchill's Aachen suggestion to bring the Soviet Union into the Grand Alliance was another embarrassment. Reliable reports from London have it that Eden approved the suggestion in advance as in no way conflicting with what he himself had discussed with Bulganin and Khrushchev, and Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano's nervous statement that Churchill's remarks had been "misunderstood" has had little effect, for every German newspaper carried verbatim what Sir Winston did in fact say.

The C.D.U., it is now clear, must almost certainly lose between twelve and fourteen Bundestag seats in next year's election.

THE REBELLION which developed at Stuttgart caught almost everyone flat-footed. Even the oldest hands among the Bonn press corps, whose contacts are such that West German developments provide them with few surprises, were taken aback. The convention had opened in a manner typical of the old autocrat's relationship with his party. Adenauer genially read off his hand-picked list of convention-officer nominees, and, ignoring opposing votes, serenely declared them elected by "unanimous" acclamation. (It still seems to startle Americans, conditioned by the great majority of their press into thinking of Adenauer as a grand old democrat, to learn that such authoritarianism is more the rule than the exception with him.)

The convention sessions ran smoothly on schedule, the party apparatus functioning with truly Prussian efficiency. The speeches provided no surprises, and there was practically no debate or discussion; everything had already been hashed out within the apparatus in advance.

This dumb show came to a halt

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when the delegation from North Rhine-Westphalia threw away the apparatus's prepared script and began ad-libbing. Adenauer was expecting two of his favorites, Jakob Kaiser and Kai Uwe von Hassel, to be voted in as his deputy chairmen. No, said the Westphalians; instead of two deputies, as up to now, there should be four.

Berlin C.D.U. chief Ernst Lemmer, who was presiding, called for a show of hands. Surprisingly, the hands of about half the delegates went up. Lemmer, visibly unsettled, ordered the blinding TV lights extinguished and asked for the delegates in favor to rise, and the old man's adversaries got to their feet under his cold and astonished scrutiny.

ADENAUER asked for a half-hour break. It lasted two hours and twenty minutes. Emerging from it, Adenauer was heard to say to one of the rebellious Westphalians, "Think the whole thing over once more." The rebel snapped back confidently, "We're not doing any more thinking over." The issue was again voted on, and as the results of the first defeat in Adenauer's party career were tallied, *der Alte* sat signing autographs and trying hard to conceal what must have been immense frustration and anger. To make matters even more humiliating, the upstarts were now talking not of a party "crown prince," as always before, but were unabashedly speaking in terms of a *successor*—a dirty word until that moment.

Arnold and Dehler

The matter of two or four deputy chairmen would perhaps be relatively unimportant except that the Westphalians insisted that one of them be Karl Arnold, one of the founders of the C.D.U., whom Adenauer is known to regard with little affection.

Arnold has his own reasons for reserve toward Adenauer. Last winter, when Adenauer tried to bulldoze into existence an electoral law that would heavily favor a two-party system rather than proportional representation, Germany's leading third party, the Free Democrats, rebelled, breaking their three-year-old coalition with the C.D.U. and thereby heaving Arnold suddenly out of the office he had held as Prime Minister of North Rhine-Westphalia, which includes the industrial might of the Rhine-Ruhr.

The Westphalian C.D.U. leaders' resentment was intensified when Adenauer embarrassed them, in a characteristic ex post facto statement, by announcing that he himself had never wanted the new electoral law at all—even though his own party

workers had pushed it. But it was too late: Arnold was replaced by Fritz Steinhoff, a Social Democrat, whose party had got together with the Free Democrats in a new coalition, and the C.D.U. was left holding the short end of the stick in West Germany's most powerful and strategic province.

Putting the final seal on the F.D.P.'s rebellion in Westphalia, the C.D.U.-F.D.P. coalition in Bonn was dissolved, with sixteen of the F.D.P.'s forty-nine Bundestag delegates (including all four of the party's Cabinet Members) bolting the party in order to remain faithful to Adenauer.

Nonetheless—at the F.D.P. convention in Würzburg, held one week before the Christian Democrats assembled in Stuttgart—the F.D.P. delegates had re-elected the party's national chairman, Dr. Thomas Dehler, to the chair by 155 out of 222 votes. During a two-hour speech, Dehler launched an attack of such intensity upon Adenauer (". . . one needn't think, one needn't bargain, one need only behave like Washington's model pupil") that any hopes there may have been of re-establishing the dissolved coalition were shattered for good and all.

Adenauer, in spite of the monolithic unconcern he has always shown in the face of earlier tribulations, has been given considerable pause by the events of the past few months. In Bonn, stepping off the train from Switzerland (where he had relaxed by writing a murder mystery) and asking briskly, "What's new in Bonn?," he answered his own question with a revealing specious jauntiness: "Of course, there can't be anything new—I forgot Dr. Dehler was away in Würzburg."

Military Training . . .

Another serious setback for Adenauer has been the way he has found himself left with dangerously little support on the subject of universal military training. The F.D.P. has as yet taken no stand, and although Dehler himself considers the draft "a legitimate child of democracy," many of his top lieutenants are known to be of another opinion. The Social Democrats are unreservedly opposed to it. If Adenauer, standing alone without a coalition partner to buttress him, takes the responsibility of inaugurating the draft, he will have to do a lot of explaining to the German people before next year's elections. If he fails to do so, he will have a lot to explain to the western Allies, to whom he has made such firm promises in this connection. In Stuttgart the C.D.U. came out flatly for the draft, leaving open only the question of how long the period of service should be.

. . . and Reunification

Adenauer also finds himself increasingly alone in his austere attitude toward direct reunification talks with Moscow. Dehler and the F.D.P. regard such negotiations as only realistic, since reunification without Soviet acquiescence is impossible short of war. In Stuttgart, during his opening speech, Adenauer held aloft the joint communiqué just issued after the visit of Bulganin and

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Khrushchev to England, and said disdainfully that you could read it from front to back or back to front and still find nothing in it to indicate that there was any sense in trying to work out agreements with the leaders of the Soviet Union at the present time.

This statement was in startling contrast to the generally optimistic reaction in Britain. It so irritated Sir Anthony Eden that West German Foreign Minister von Brentano, who went to London from Stuttgart, was prevailed upon a few days later to make a rather more temperate statement on the subject. Adenauer, however, remains uncompromising on Soviet talks. As one observer in Stuttgart remarked, "If you're really trying to get somebody to give you something, calling him a gangster and refusing to talk to him seems an odd way of going about it."

WHILE the convention resolutions issued at the end of both the F.D.P. and the C.D.U. conventions contained no explicit endorsement of mother love or censure of the man-eating shark, such sentiments would have been quite congruent with the inert pap they were made of. Take the Oder-Neisse line, for instance. The Huttensall in Würzburg was hung with the flags of the "Eastern Territories" and a slogan amounting to "Germany Intact!" For eleven years these territories have been part of Poland and the Soviet Union, and just how one should go about regaining them now is vaguely passed over. But as long as this technical triviality is ignored, both parties come out inexorably in favor of getting them back—a fact which becomes more disquieting the more you think about it. The C.D.U. was, however, firm in sticking by its present foreign policy and rejecting any "experiment" that conceivably might harm Germany at any time in the future.

The Question of an Heir

Adenauer has still refused to designate his choice for his political heir. In a recent public-opinion poll on the question of the next Chancellor, von Brentano led with fourteen per cent, but the extent to which West Germans have come to regard Adenauer as a permanent phenomenon of nature was demonstrated by an appalling fifty per cent with "no opinion." When the citizens polled were given a list of C.D.U. leaders and asked their choice as to Adenauer's successor, Brentano got twenty-five per cent, but it was interesting and significant that second on the list, though with only eight per cent and in a tie with Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, was Karl Arnold, Adenauer's unwanted and unloved deputy chairman.

Although they had not been so crass as to say so, this is just what the C.D.U. rebels had had in mind when they demanded and got a higher post for Arnold. He is now sitting pretty when it comes to any future choice of a party chief. Since being in on the founding of the

C.D.U. in 1945, Arnold has been identified with the labor wing of the party. He is known as a shrewd tactician, with an ability to get along exceptionally well with representatives of other parties, including Social Democrats. (When the Westphalian F.D.P. rebels ejected him as Ministerpräsident, they humbly assured him of their continued respect and expressed sincere regrets that they were having to throw him out.) It is not surprising that his name is now brought forth as a possible successor for *der Alte:* C.D.U. ranks are not embarrassed by any surfeit of candidates. The fact that Adenauer has had chronic differences and controversies with him and has never really liked him seems, at least at the moment, to be of only inconsequential import—a circumstance that would have been unimaginable in the days before the Stuttgart uprising.

THE GREAT question mark to emerge from all this is the Social Democratic Party. With C.D.U. and F.D.P. mutually incompatible, the S.P.D. finds itself the recipient of winsome glances from both sides. The F.D.P. is not too well off financially—when the split came, much of its big-industry money switched its affections to the C.D.U. Whatever its plans and hopes, the F.D.P. said in Würzburg it would have nothing to announce about future coalitions till "the morning after the 1957 elections."

The new Free People's Party, founded by the sixteen F.D.P. rebels, is not expected to trouble anybody much—the best estimates now indicate that three of those four Ministers, although they bolted the F.D.P. to stay loyal to Adenauer, will soon be out of their jobs. In general, one comes away from Stuttgart with the feeling that the C.D.U. has decided to profit by its shortcomings and mistakes. Obviously, Adenauer is going to be forced to pay more courteous attention to his party colleagues, for the victory in Stuttgart is something he will not be allowed to forget.

The Decoy

If the Social Democrats emerge as the focal point of the present political situation, the most interesting figure at the moment in the C.D.U.—the bait and the decoy, so to speak—is Karl Arnold. His labor background recommends him for any coalition negotiations with the Social Democrats. But there is also the tantalizing possibility that Arnold, who worked so well personally with the F.D.P. before that coalition fell apart and who is known to be no slave to Adenauer's opinions and dictates, might just possibly, in spite of what seemed an irreparable break, be able to do something about picking up the pieces of the C.D.U.-F.D.P. alliance. It is too soon to know just how he plans to go about his new duties. (He has modestly said that they needn't provide him with a Mercedes 300 limousine *at once.*) But it is Karl Arnold, more than anyone else, who emerges from the Stuttgart *coup de théâtre* as, if not yet a successor or even a crown prince, at least very much a man to keep an eye on.

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Thailand: Pibul Tries Prachathipatai

DARRELL BERRIGAN

BANGKOK

"I DON'T WANT to be a dictator," the Prime Minister of Thailand said pensively. "There are only three ways to remove a dictator from office: by exile, jail, or burial." He smiled thoughtfully and studied his audience of reporters. "I have all the houses I want," he explained. "I have all the cars I can drive. I have all the medals the government can give—and foreign medals too. Now I would like to walk along the street like an ordinary citizen without worrying."

It sounded as if Prime Minister Pibul Songgram, also Minister of Defense, Minister of Culture, Field Marshal, Admiral of the Fleet, and Marshal of the Air Force, was feeling his fifty-seven years and was beginning to dream of spending his last years strolling under the flame trees, an honored and beloved elder statesman.

This was last June, and he had just returned from a world tour, a sort of culmination of a career that included long years of almost absolute dictatorship of his country, attempted assassinations, a kidnaping, an escape from his captors by leaping from a sinking ship that had been bombarded by his friends, and participation as commander in chief of his armed forces in three wars. On his tour he had played golf with President Eisenhower and had heard of former President Truman striding about the streets of American cities like Cincinnatus unable to stick to the farm. In England he had seen Churchill the Great quietly hand over the elective scepter to Sir Anthony Eden and retire to write history and to paint tolerable pictures while his heir threw himself on the mercy of the voters for final approval. In France the confidence of the Assembly had lately been withdrawn from a Premier who retired without even drawing a gun. Prime Minister Pibul, recounting these incidents of democratic life abroad at a press conference like President Eisenhower's, an institution which he inaugurated upon his return, seemed genuinely impressed by the way other great men of the world entered into and departed from power.

Phao and Sarit

There were, however, several flaws in this picture of a dictator yearning for release with honor. Foremost among these was the fact that Field Marshal Pibul, smiling, handsome, impeccably tailored, enviably ebullient, didn't in the least fit the role of the tired leader. Then there was some question as to whether Pibul was still a dictator. It was popularly believed that he had not been one since 1944, when he resigned at the approach of the Allies. He later was placed under house arrest, and narrowly escaped trial as a war criminal. He had regained his premiership in 1948, after a *coup d'état* by a group of young military officers, but it was generally thought that the coup leaders had retained real power for themselves. The most important of these new leaders sat behind the Prime Minister last June with practically all the other members of his Cabinet, listening to him discourse on dictatorship and democracy.

In the row just behind Pibul sat the broad-shouldered, red-faced Director-General of Police, General Phao Sriyanond, an intelligent, much-feared man, often spoken of as Pibul's heir, the future dictator of the country. Phao (pronounced "pow") had long been one of Pibul's lieutenants, had loyally cleared the way for his resurgence, and had silently shouldered the blame for the blood that was spilt and the disappearances that occurred in the process. From his office in Paruskawan Palace, where a magnificent golden image of Buddha looks down upon his multifarious activities and necromancers are said to time his moves, the pious police chief controlled a police force armed with machine guns and rifles and equipped with armored cars, the most efficient and intelligent the country has ever known, and, in spots, one of its most corrupt. Concurrently, he dominated the Interior and Finance Ministries, where he acted as deputy to men of little power and was winning the often reluctant praise of outsiders who admired or feared the assiduity with which he studied the subtleties of those important branches of government. In addition, he sat on the board of a number of influential banks and businesses, from which he received, like other members of government, an income sufficient to maintain his family and assist those of his followers loyal enough to risk their necks for him. Only recently, though expressing some unwillingness, he had authorized rewards totaling more than a million dollars paid to informers and the police for the seizure of twenty tons of opium, carried out by the police under circumstances of such a nature that they shocked his fellow citizens and even disturbed the habitual equanimity of his Prime Minister.

A FEW CHAIRS AWAY from General Phao sat another powerful member of the last coup, General Sarit Thanarat, commander in chief of the Army and Deputy Minister of Defense. General Sarit (soon thereafter to become a field marshal) was more famous in the country for his prowess with the bottle and his indulgence in allied pleasures than for his ability as a military commander, although men who should know claim that in the latter field he excels.

Short, wide of girth, stolid, his appearance revealed no capacity for matching the struggle for power everyone knew was going on between him and the quick-smiling, ambidextrous, and astute police general. But General Sarit had the army behind him, and with that kind of support, it was generally conceded that a man didn't have to be very clever to get ahead. He also had control of the fantastically popular national lottery and sat on the board of a number of important businesses,

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which is also said to be of assistance should a man want to rise in government. Yet Sarit's followers were disturbed because their chief, for some reason, didn't seem particularly anxious to go anywhere but where he was. Meanwhile, his rival was galloping toward power without any apparently effective opposition.

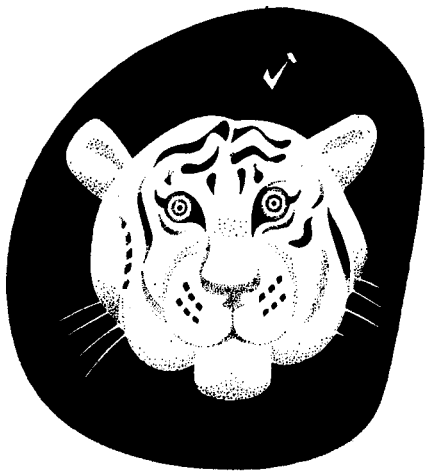
For years now observers had become habituated to the belief that all the power that counted was in the hands of these two men and that they only permitted their old boss Pibul to remain as Prime Minister because they needed a buffer between them. Neither one, it was popularly believed, yet had the national prestige necessary to hold the position of Prime Minister in comfort. Both were former lieutenants of the older man, the pundits reminded each other, his veritable "sons," and thus bound by tradition to treat him with the respect due a patron and father.

It was said that, in spite of Phao's considerable power and obvious ambition, he never failed to stand respectfully at attention when speaking to Pibul over the telephone. Still, when Pibul left on his world tour, the bazaars derisively explained that Sarit and Phao had permitted him this last honor as a sort of gratuity leading toward his retirement. It just shows you how wrong the pundits can sometimes be.

Pandora's Box

There is always a chance, when so much of the play takes place behind the arras, that general opinion is correct. It may be that the Prime Minister had no power last spring and his lieutenants sent him away to humor him. But he was still Prime Minister, and as such, he still had a sort of Pandora's right. And upon his return from democratic lands abroad he lost no time in opening the box. What flew out caused considerable consternation among his followers, tested his forbearance to the extreme, and gave the citizens of Thailand the most exciting time they had had for many a day. For what escaped as soon as the lid was off was a spirit the Thais call *prachathipatai* and we call democracy.

There was very little the Cabinet —a captive audience to what the Prime Minister was telling the country's and the world's press—could do about it. Later it was reported that a number of Cabinet Ministers grumbled between press conferences and others expressed downright disapproval, but at that first press conference last summer and at those which followed they sat quietly while the Prime Minister expounded a personal doctrine of *prachathipatai*. The Thai people, the Prime Minister said, were now free. To begin with, there was this press conference. Here the reporters were free to grill him or any member of his government, to make suggestions, to help guide the government as spokesmen of the people. The ill-famed Press Act was to be



revised. In the meantime, said the Prime Minister, "You have full freedom now. You can criticize me or the government. I will use no force."

Political parties, too, could be organized immediately, although no Communist Party would be permitted. There would be a free election when the next National Assembly was elected in 1957, although nothing would yet be done to abolish the practice of appointing half the members. Even he, the Prime Minister, intended to offer himself up for election, but not, he carefully pointed out, in any constituency where his candidacy would unfairly compete with any other politician. Committees were being set up immediately to investigate outstanding cases of corruption and oppression by police and government officials, and action would be taken as soon as they had reported. Government officials would be asked to resign any position they might have in business. And, along with freedom of the press, there was to be freedom of speech.

The Prime Minister described a paradise of *prachathipatai* he had seen in London, where, in Hyde Park, men of any political coloration could speak their minds unafraid. Henceforth, he said, he hoped that Thailand, too, would have its Hyde Park. He suggested that the Phramane Ground, a wide expanse of ragged lawn dedicated to the cremation of kings and the flying of kites, should be used for the purpose.

THERE COULD be little doubt that the Prime Minister was sincere. To prove it he moved the tanks from the front of his office and cut down the number of guards stationed there. He began appearing around town in his Mercedes-Benz or Ford Thunderbird, himself at the wheel and his wife beside him, with no more escort than the people to whom he was now introducing *prachathipatai*. The traffic problem being one of the few that Phao's police have not been able to overcome completely, this new freedom of movement the Prime Minister gave himself has since caused him to appear late at important functions. Once he kept Secretary of State Dulles from taking off on time because a traffic jam slowed him down, but such incidents only add to the easy, unaffected charm with which Pibul wins his guests once he arrives.

Field Marshal Pibul, even in his heyday of power, was no Kemal Atatürk, nor was he a Napoleon. But in his own dictatorial way, he managed to alter his country's ways and change its face as much as either of those men did. He practically eliminated betel chewing, dressed his people in "civilized" clothing—which is to say western dress, or a version thereof—built them schools, highways, hospitals, and clinics (where services are free to the poor), and gave them a national consciousness that—although it got them into two wars on the wrong side—has turned a little backwater country into a growing, thriving nation of major importance in Southeast Asia. Many of Pibul's earlier innovations were adopted enthusiastically by the people. But none was so eagerly grasped as the gift of *prachathipatai*. They found, however, that democracy was

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a potent wine, and the drinker must learn how to handle it.

The newspapers, after some natural hesitation, accepted the Prime Minister's offering with joy. For years they had been prevented from discussing a number of issues and occurrences they had felt were of

considerable interest to their readers. Now, although the Press Act still stood, along with other laws on the subject of libel, inciting to rebellion, or giving aid and comfort to the Communists, and although General Phao still loomed as large as ever at their door, these threats seemed to be held in abeyance until they could be eliminated entirely.

In fact, the Prime Minister immediately showed them that he still had power enough to back up his words. Pibul took advantage of the Police Director-General's somewhat peculiar involvement in the seizure of the twenty tons of opium to ship him off on a mission to the United States and stripped him of a good portion of his power. Pibul used his own power as Minister of the Interior, from which post comes ultimate direction of the police force, and relieved Phao of his duties as press censor and Deputy Minister of Finance. He also took the opportunity to whittle down the power of some of Phao's strongest supporters, leaving the Director-General of Police, as far as could be seen, reeling against the ropes, waiting for the knockout blow the Prime Minister never threw. It was at that point that Pibul turned the press loose on him.

The Press Speaks Up

It is not surprising that the press singled out General Phao and the officers he had "knighted" with diamond-studded rings as their first targets. Many editors and writers have been in and out of jail and some still reside there as a warning to the outspoken. One was even shot, and the press shares the general belief that the gunman was a policeman. Given the chance, they naturally laid on the General and his knights with all the ferocity of wolves closing in on a stag that has gored several of the pack. They had plenty of ammunition from the past and General Phao's aides continued to supply more every day. There had been political assassinations, the murder of a newspaper publisher, the cold-blooded killing of certain prisoners much esteemed by Thailand's intellectuals, the disappearance of a politician, and a number of other bloody incidents never fully aired in the press. A businessman, vaguely reported to be involved in an opium deal, was taken for a ride by a group of police officers. A house in a suburb was found to be a private "prison" in which certain police officers held prisoners for their own reasons. Then there were corruption and stories of police officers with salaries hardly equal to the expenses involved in maintaining fine cars, several modern houses complete with modern appliances and wives, and investments in bistros, brothels, and businesses. The words "gangsters" and "murderers" were tried by the bolder writers, and a pleased reading public found that they were used with impunity.

At the press conferences there was something more than freedom. The Prime Minister was asked to explain reports that he was bribed, to give an accounting of his business interests, to investigate charges of corruption among his closest followers, even to fire some of his Cabinet members. One by one his Ministers were called forward to undergo a grilling, while Pibul sat in the background smiling and remarking to visitors, "This is good for my Ministers." Suggestions made by reporters for changes in government were adopted shortly afterward in meetings of the Cabinet. "Rule by press conference" was enough of a reality for politicians to pay reporters—according to the latter's own admission—for bringing up certain questions or making certain attacks on Ministers or government policies. Even the Ministers were reported involved in contributing to the venality of the press.

Very soon—too soon—the press conference fell into the hands of a few cliques whose members monopolized the floor mikes, came prepared with papers and documents, passed the ball back and forth between them, and left the rest of the press with very little opportunity for putting a question. One man, usually known as "the Senator," made speeches to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet that though as much as ten minutes long were full of pith, and witty enough for him to have to pause frequently to beam on his colleagues until the laughter subsided. Among such "stars," as they came to be known, were a few representatives of "Hyde Park" weeklies, founded by speakers in that fountainhead of democracy for the greater glory of *prachathipatai*. For Hyde Park had become by now an institution of considerable popularity.

The Thais love entertainment of every kind, especially when it is free. Every week a thousand or so gathered on the Phramane Ground to hear the speakers denounce—over public-address systems they fought the government to retain—Pibul, Phao, the police, and the government as a whole. Other Hyde Parks sprang up in competition around town, and reports from the hinterland revealed that they were becoming popular in provincial capitals. Dealers in balloons and hawkers of noodles and dried cuttlefish and other quick-lunch delicacies did a rushing business on the perimeter of the crowds, and often it was difficult to know whether the people had assembled to watch the snake charmers with their tomtoms or the antics of the speakers.

On the whole, however, it was the speakers who promised the most excitement. One of the most flamboyant, a Member of Parliament, slashed his arm with a knife and held it aloft in delirious triumph. "I will give my blood for democracy!" he cried. A follower, fortuitously armed with a receptacle,

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caught the sacred fluid and quaffed it neatly before the fascinated crowd, proving something or other having to do, one supposes, with *prachathipatai*.

On another occasion, someone leaped aboard a speaker's rostrum and struck at the speaker with a sword. This started a panic during which a number of people were stabbed, and the police had to break up the meeting. After several similar incidents, the Hyde Park leaders turned to safer sources of headlines. Several stalwarts led demonstrations down the King's Road, which leads from the Palace to the Parliament Building, in defiance of police warnings. When the leaders of these demonstrations were arrested, crowds marched on the police station and won their release. Later, three Members of Parliament with a strong sense of the dramatic and a somewhat inadequate understanding of Gandhian strategy staged a fast in front of the Prime Minister's office, promising to starve unless he gave up the right to appoint Members of Parliament. The Prime Minister, a man with a sense of humor and of Buddhist charity, offered a daily feast to the fasters. The fasters, however, turned this over to passing pariah dogs. When this had no effect on the determination of the government to guarantee its hold on Parliament, a "feaster" appeared, announcing that he was going to eat himself to death if the government didn't give in.

MEANWHILE, the Communists entered the picture. Peking Radio fueled the fire of verbal revolt by professing nothing but the most loving and peaceful friendship for the Thai people; this friendship was being withheld from them only by the intervention of the imperialist Americans who were attempting to place the whole of Asia in thrall. To prove that all was sweetness and light in the north, invitations were sent to a group of parliamentarians with somewhat leftist ideas to visit Communist China. In Bangkok itself the Communists confined overt activity to writing letters to editors and the police demanding the release of certain men arrested for their Communist sympathies.

But the Communist line became evident in Phramane Ground speeches and the columns of the press: The United States had bought Thailand with a few million dollars' worth of aid; Americans controlled every Thai government office; they were wrecking the Thai economy by forcing Thailand to sell its tin and rubber at prices set by the United States, meanwhile stealing the Thai market by selling rice in trade channels long sacred to Thailand; worst of all, while preventing the Thai government from following the neutralist (and wise) policy of India and Burma, the Americans prevented the Thais from having a higher standard of living by forbidding trade with Red China. If this last were doubted, the newspapers and speakers said, one need but look at the low price of fountain pens,

thermos bottles, beer, and plastic ware that were finding their way into the markets from Red China via Hong Kong.

All Good Things . . .

Things, as anyone could see, had come to a pretty pass. The fasters were fasting. The feaster was feasting. A Hyde Park speaker was shocking even the lowest taste by likening the Prime Minister's family to canines. A newspaper was calling upon the people to overthrow a government that was "the enemy of the people." And in defiance of warnings of dire things ahead, a group of politicians, reporters, and businessmen, led by a Member of Parliament, accepted an invitation from the Red government and wandered off to China, from whence they made statements over Peking Radio sounding very much like Communist propaganda. *Prachathipatai* had gotten somewhat out of hand. So the Prime Minister clapped the lid back on the box.

When the junketing party stepped off the plane at Don Muang Airport, their leader smiling broadly and eager to describe the virtues of life in Communistland, they walked into the arms of the police, who stored them away in jail under the Anti-Communist Act, which had, after all, never been altered to accommodate their activities. Simultaneously the newspapers were reminded that the Press Act had not yet been revised and that they had better watch their pens and quills. The feaster and the fasters, too, were lodged in jail, where the latter immediately began to eat and the former found little to feast upon. Hyde Park was closed, undergoing political repairs. Certain weekly newspapers were banned from the press conference. Suddenly a quiet fell across the land.

Prachathipatai was not abandoned, however, nor were many of the laws which check it. The press conferences still go on, with criticisms somewhat less robust than before but still strong enough to make an occasional Minister squirm. Hyde Park is still a regular Sunday feature, but the people have lost interest in it, and movies like Burt Lancaster's "The Kentuckian" are drawing larger crowds.

The newspapers have not been muzzled, although on the whole they are behaving more circumspectly. The feasters and the faster and even some of those who went to Red China are free again. The political parties organized during the first days of *prachathipatai* are still operative, so much so, in fact, that the government party is making a pretty strong effort to counteract their criticisms. In short, *prachathipatai* is moving forward with slightly less speed but certainly more restraint.

A FEW DAYS after the boom was lowered, at a press conference during which foreign reporters put all the questions while the Thai reporters sat gloomily listening, the Prime Minister was asked, "How does it feel with no Thai reporters asking questions?"

The Prime Minister turned a look of innocent charm upon his brash young interrogator. "I'm still talking," he answered pleasantly.

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Great-grandfather And the Devils

TAMBIMUTTU

THERE WERE two main buildings facing each other on Grandfather-with-the-Beard's estate in Atchuvely village in northern Ceylon, with a courtyard between, shaded by mango and jack trees. On our school vacations from Trincomalee on the east coast, my five brothers and I had a room in the building where Grandfather lived. But the other, called the *salai,* or reception hall, was our favorite. It was spacious. One side of it was open to the courtyard and the sky, which let in the breezes and the sunshine. It was in a room attached to this building that our *Great*-grandfather lived, a somewhat solitary figure. He had his meals on his own there (he found our modern custom of eating off porcelain plates irritating) and, like an autocrat, conducted a life of his own which seemed curiously unrelated to the rest of the household.

It may be it was his age that made him seem so withdrawn. But people said that he had been a gay young man, and even gayer husband, father, and then grandfather. He had had only one child—my maternal grandmother—and this estate, which had once belonged to him, he had given as a dowry to Grandfather-with-the-Beard, who had grown the beard as a mark of grief when Grandmother died. Great-grandfather's grief took the shape of retiring to a life of his own in the *salai* and having little to do with the people in the building opposite.

He was very free with all of his great-grandchildren, though. He welcomed us in the *salai,* which was otherwise closed to all except certain privileged visitors, and there was nothing he seemed to like better than going out on country rambles with us—except perhaps his arrack! In his great old age he was an enthusiastic rambler.

IN SPITE of his retiring way of life, Great-grandfather was the most active man in our household. My handsome, scholarly Grandfather, who looked like a cinema Rasputin, was impractical, so it was *he* who attended to the details of the estate, even when he was ninety-five years old, marketing the coconut, the rice, the mango, and tobacco crops. It was a treat to watch Great-grandfather with the buyers, who were mostly a rough lot. Four or five of

them (looking extraordinarily alike) would turn up as if on a casual visit and talk about irrelevant things—anything but the job at hand. He would peer at them from his enormous, faded brown eyes, and utter a "huh," which committed him neither one way nor the other. Then, after a little thought, he added: "You want the mango crop?" "Yes, sir," they would reply, wriggling with pretended shyness, as if the thought had never entered their heads.

Great-grandfather, who was six foot one, would then spring down from his bed with all the energy of a young man, his legs long and shapely under his white *verti.* His large, aquiline face, with a thin hair knot behind, became lively. From the peg he took down a gold-bordered shawl, which he flung over his right shoulder. He picked up from the rack the silver-knobbed cane my mother had brought for him from Malacca, and strode off, erect, to the mango groves, with my five brothers and me and a servant streaming behind him. He halted under each gnarled tree to appraise the year's crop with dead certainty. As the buyers (who knew the pedigree and flavor strains of each tree from long association with them) made their bids, Great-grandfather merely grunted "Hm" before passing on to the next one. If the bid was ridiculous, he said nothing, but stared straight at the man, who hastily raised his bid. When the grand total was reached, Great-grandfather *raised* it, and it was final then. The men always bought. They spent a few days on the orchard plucking the fruit in an ingenious fashion. A long pole ended in a barb, with a basket underneath. The fruit was plucked with the barb and it fell into the coconut-floss-lined basket underneath. If a mango bruises, it rots before it ripens.

Whether the sale was of mango, coconut, rice, or tobacco, Great-grandfather gave my brothers and me a rake-off on the deal, for our interest in the matter; and then we made off to the shops at the *kittangi,* or Junction, which was the focal point of Atchuvely, for a spree of spending. He was generous with his money. When my maternal uncle was a child, and Great-grandfather was the renter of the toddy and arrack taverns in our parts, he never banked the loose change, we were told, but brought it home in a bundle and flung the coins on his bed for my uncle to play with and then take them to his mother. On our spending sprees at the Junction, Great-grandfather sometimes accompanied us, and then we felt important. People were attentive when he was around.

ONE of the earliest memories I have of Great-grandfather is that he took me and my elder brother, Rutnam, to our first *yakkun nettuma,* or devil dance. We were at the small town of Kelaniya, near Colombo, visiting relatives before a wedding in the family. My mother

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was against the visit at first, but the old man's wishes prevailed; he said it was important for members of his family to be familiar with such things. I was three and a half years old at the time, and I remember that I wore a black velvet suit with innumerable buttons that my parents had bought for me in Singapore, and of which I was very proud.

We arrived after dinner at a neighbor's house, where, as Great-grandfather explained, a woman of the household had been possessed by the devil. She had the obvious signs —disheveled hair and fits. The exorcising would continue throughout the night until noon next day.

THE DEVIL DANCER was dressed in tight white stockings and a red jacket gleaming with strings of many-colored beads and glass. Great metal bracelets circled his arms. He held a torch in one hand, and he threw resin on it, which punctuated the dance with flashes. As the drummer's tempo increased, the dancer whirled intricately with a clash of anklet bells. He wore over his face one of the lesser Mahasona (devil) masks, which he replaced with more and more frightening masks as the dance proceeded. The dancing and chanting rose in intensity as the dancer wooed Mahasona with false flattery, to make him come out and make himself comfortable in the assembled company. At midnight his terrible routing would begin. But we left long before that.

On our way home, with the drums still throbbing in our ears, Rutnam and I felt apprehensive, since, when the routing begins, Mahasona is so furious that he rampages around wrecking vengeance on everybody he meets. We looked uneasily at the patches of inky blackness under the banyans and breadfruit trees. "Do you think the routing has begun?" Rutnam whispered. "I don't know," I replied. "Great-grandfather," I asked timidly, "has the routing begun?" "'Don't worry, the *pootham* [demon] won't touch us," he reassured us, brandishing his stick. But we guessed he was just as anxious as we were to get home.

We went back to the devil dance next day. The dancer's tired feet now dragged on the ground, and his voice was hoarse, but he still danced. Then he steeled himself for a final crescendo of whirling movements and fell down flat on his back. His assistant ran up to him and, placing a pumpkin on his chest, slashed it in two with a single stroke of a knife. The dance of destruction had begun. The dancer whirled through the place slashing at the decorations and the stage, bringing it all down in an orgy of destruction. Every few seconds he produced a blinding flash by throwing whole handfuls of resin on the blazing torch. The Possessed

One still sat on her specially constructed platform of areca-nut wood, but she seemed cured! It left a powerful impression on my brother Rutnam and me. It was the dramatization of the magical world which, ever since I can remember, Great-grandfather had made real for us.

After the dance, we made Great-grandfather draw his cabalistic figure on the ground and drive a piece of iron into its middle to keep Mahasona at bay. He knew all the secrets, having been tutored by our village magician.

THE VILLAGE MAGICIAN was the man who visited Great-grandfather most often. In spite of his magic, there was nothing fearful about his appearance. Small and gentle-mannered, he thrust his head shyly to one side when Great-grandfather talked to him. Even if he was not shy, that was the proper thing to do. It showed respect. Though the magician was of a lower caste, not usually allowed to enter the house or to sit down, Great-grandfather allowed him to enter and sit on a mat beside his bed because of his magic. The man could exorcise a curse or cause anybody to fall ill by burying some of the victim's hair or his nail parings in front of his house, with some other things—chicken liver, oxblood —or by making an image of the victim and driving nails into it. That was the reason Great-grandfather's nail parings were carefully buried by the village barber! The magician and Great-grandfather often spoke in whispers when Great-grandfather got out his magical texts inscribed on dry palm leaves with a stylus. He plied the low-caste man with arrack, which was also against village etiquette, and the magician often nipped out to bring in more bottles. Grandfather-with-the-Beard frowned when he saw the apologetic magician enter. Grandfather disapproved of necromancy. But he could never stop Great-grandfather, old as he was, from doing anything he wanted to. No one had that much authority, since Great-grandfather was our oldest relative, except for our other Great-grandfather over in the Junction—but he did not belong to our household.

Sometimes the village magician and Great-grandfather called one of us children and showed us a piece of glass on which there was a round or triangular spot made of some black substance concocted to a magical formula. "Do you see anything?" they asked. Often we did not. But sometimes we thought we saw a human figure or an animal, which interested them greatly. "The formula was *right!*" the magician whispered happily, and Great-grandfather looked impressed.

AS A CHILD, there were three things about Great-grandfather that especially interested me—his nostrils, his earrings, and his eating habits. The most wonderful thing about him were his nostrils. A long thin nose ended, surprisingly, in large open nostrils, set in well-formed side bulbs. They were like tents, or rooms, and I often found myself staring into their sunlit interiors. His earrings were the heaviest I have ever seen on a man. Other men in our village wore earrings but none so magnificent a pair as Great-grandfather. Triple-bobbed and heavy and fashioned in gold, they made his ears long like those on Gupta statues of the Lord Buddha, for centuries a mark of good breeding. When he moved, they swung gracefully, lending dignity to his sun-tanned face.

When he had his meals in solitary splendor, in the *salai*, we children crowded round him. Sitting on a high calamander bed, he ate off a large banana-leaf plate placed on top of the teapoy. Great-grandfather wouldn't eat off real plates. He con-

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sidered them unclean, and he said curry tasted better on a leaf plate. Beside it was placed a bowl of water and a gold pin. If a grain of rice fell on the teapoy, he picked it up with the pin and washed it in the bowl. It was a sin to waste even a single grain of rice, and he quoted the first-century quatrain of Avveiyar:

We toil, we beg, move across the seas,
Worship, rule, make music, erect our songs;
All this to keep this wretched body of ours,
Which tortures us for a grain of rice.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER was the best storyteller in the village—chiefly about his own adventures among the demons and goblins and of his fighting against the British. Sitting on his high bed or lying in a Singapore chair, which is a blond deck chair of cane and bamboo, he followed the narrative with gestures of his great hands, making the locomotive and temple bell talk: "dongdong-dong-dong-dongdong," "chukuchuku-chuk-uchuku-chukuchuku." He even made the ordinary words onomatopoeic: "F-l-e-e-e-e-e-w away," "r-a-a-a-a-i-n." The awesome, hushed voice he adopted when speaking of the devil varied with a more normal one for narrating his own part in the story. When he came to dramatic passages, the prominent veins by his right eye and on his throat swelled and throbbed with excitement, and his faded head knot trembled. After getting through some particularly awesome details, he would exclaim loudly, "And so the Prince and Princess were married and lived happily ever after." It had nothing whatever to do with the story, but it was bluff in case mother was listening. She disliked Great-grandfather speaking to us about demons, though she never said so outright.

He couldn't understand why the others in the household, except for our old nurse Aachi, were not interested in devils and magic, since knowledge of them was important to preserve the family and to ward off misfortune.

Some of the stories he had heard himself as a child, and they were a part of him. What is good for one child is good for another, was the way he looked at it.

ONE OF Great-grandfather's favorite stories concerned *his* great-grandfather, a famous magician who knew how to transform a demon into a girl by driving a sliver of wood into the skull. One day he brought one of these demon girls home to his wife. "This girl will do the work of four men and eat very little," he said. And sure enough that was what happened.

But one day the demon girl came home from the jungle carrying a four-man load of firewood on her head. She went to his great-grandmother, who was slicing areca nuts. "Lady," the demon girl said, "a sliver of firewood has entered my head. Could you please take it out?"

His great-grandmother was short-sighted. She could not distinguish

between a magic sliver of wood and a piece of firewood. She yanked the magic wood out with her areca-nut cutter, which is made on the principle of a nutcracker. There was a terrible scream, and the demon vanished in smoke.

The demon returned that very evening and threw a flaming sword across the entrance to the house. "May no first-born male child over twenty-one live in this family for five generations!" the demon girl cursed. And sure enough that became true.

There was a catch in the curse, though. Would it apply for four generations only and exclude the fifth, or include it? My uncle, his grandson, who was of the fifth generation, fell seriously ill at the age of twenty-one, but he recovered. Great-grandfather never told us whether he had anything to do with the event. He and the magician never discussed such important matters in our presence.

The impact of his stories on me was devastating. I had terrifying dreams at night. When darkness fell, I thought of the devils in the neem trees at the edge of the estate—the neem is a tree devils like. When we passed the cemetery I hurried on. A solitary lamp burned there all night in a grilled niche on the tomb of Grandmother—lighted every evening at six by Grandfather-with-the-Beard—which kept evil spirits away. But the other tombs had no lights.

DURING our long country walks in the evenings with Great-grandfather, we were constantly in touch with his world of magic. He found offerings to spirits hung on the trees, in pots, and in bamboo cradles, and sacrifices of eatables and flowers on banana leaves alongside the paths. When we came across a *karagam* he would pause, study it, and mutter "Hm," very significantly. A *karagam* is a pot of terra cotta or brass, full of water and decorated with a tall cone of mango leaves, oleander, coconut flowers, and a lime stuck on a pointed stick. *Karagams* are meant to ward off evil spirits, and Great-grandfather always seemed to know the purpose of each one. He also studied carefully the carved figures of sick people nailed on the trees by the village magician or his rivals. The devil passed from the patient into the tree. When we passed banyan groves, which are the favorite haunts of devils, he would inscribe a cabalistic figure with mystical letters on the ground and drive his knife or some other object of iron into its middle to keep them at bay. No one disturbed such a charm, and Great-grandfather retrieved the knife on the way back home.

THESE walks were eye openers for us in other ways. It was Great-grandfather who first got me interested in the vegetable and animal life of the island. The bo tree is sacred to Vishnu, and the neem to Siva. That is why they are ceremoniously married to each other by devout Hindus. The bo's epiphytic, silvery stems enclose the darker neem so that there is one trunk but two types of branches and leaves. It is a wonderful sight. As he strode along the palm groves swinging his stick, he would pause to watch a golden oriole or a kingfisher. He pointed out the orchids growing on the palmyras and bassia, and the various kinds of grafting being done on the mangoes. Once he even showed me how to make a stock graft with coconut fiber and bandages.

And then the late journey home

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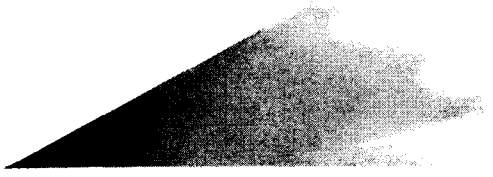
ARE YOU MISSING A FEW PIECES?



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in the gathering dark, with oil lamps twinkling in the thatch cottages and the thick-fronded palmyras rustling metallically, was the most exciting part of the day. The frogs croaked from the wells and tanks, and homing crows squawked across the sky in close formation. The giant bat, a sudden and intimidating shape, may have been the metamorphosed devil himself. Strange beasts without tails were on the prowl, for goblins and demons can only change limbs they already possess. But whatever shape they entered, their hunting cry was always the jackal's. The village of the night became different from the one we knew by day—a fantastic village, full of unknown sounds and shapes.

When it thundered at night, Great-grandfather went with us in the mornings to hunt for spear-shaped mushrooms that the thunder had brought out, quite unlike any other mushrooms I have ever seen. The bright red earth of Atchuvely split with the thunder (or so I thought) and the mushrooms peeped through the cracks like pale pink animals. It was one of the most magical things for me. When curried, they didn't taste like mushrooms but flesh.

When it drizzled, we set out with Great-grandfather and two men for the rice fields. They smoked out small, furred animals that lived in burrows. No one else in our family liked eating these field creatures, and we children didn't like the flesh of the sea turtle; but *he* liked them both, which again conferred some weird distinction on him.

ONE OF the strangest events connected with Great-grandfather concerned the disappearance of my younger brother Singam from the house. It led to my loss of faith in his world of magic.

This was how it happened. One day my older brother told us confidentially that he didn't think Great-grandfather could have possibly routed devils. They didn't exist!

My younger brother Singam and I pooh-poohed the idea. It was ridiculous. Why, our old nurse Aachi knew all the same stories. Only a few days ago she had repeated to us the one about his magician great-grandfather.

"But Mother doesn't believe them," Rutnam went on. "In fact, she doesn't like us listening."

"That is because she thinks they may frighten us," Singam said stubbornly. "But I am not frightened. Are you?"

"Great-grandfather is cleverer than you think," I added. "Why do you think the magician comes to see him?"

"He likes arrack. That's why! What do you think? I heard the story about fighting against the British can't be true. The British came

here long before Great-grandfather was born."

"Who told you that?" I asked angrily.

"Oh, I heard!"

"Come, let's ask Great-grandfather!" I cried.

"All right, let's ask him," Rutnam said.

We looked for him in the *salai*. He wasn't there. He must be watching the bringing down of the morning's palmyra toddy. So much the better. We would be given our share of the toddy, and we liked drinking it under the palms anyway. We headed for the palmyra groves. Each tree was marked with a white excise stamp. Great-grandfather was watching Velu, our tree climber, bringing down the earthenware pots that dangled from his belt.

"Ha!" Great-grandfather exclaimed, his eyes twinkling. "So you have come for your toddy?"

Velu's cheerful face broke into his easy smile as soon as he saw us. His chin was rough with gray stubble. "I haven't enough palm-leaf bowls for you, Little Brothers," he said, and he darted up the tree again, agile as a monkey.

He cut down a leaf and then made it into boat-shaped drinking vessels, which he rinsed out with a little toddy and then filled up.

Holding them in both hands—quite the professional way—we drank the young, bubbly palm wine, which had not yet reached its full strength.

Great-grandfather drained his man-sized bowl in one draught, holding his breath, and then threw it away on the ground.

"Great-grandfather," brother Rutnam then began, "Cousin Rajah thinks you could not have fought against the British. You were not old enough." So it was Cousin Rajah who doubted. I felt annoyed with him.

"What do you mean?" Great-grandfather exclaimed, and stared at him from under stern, white eyebrows. "How does Rajah know how old I am? I am much older than you think!"

That settled the question for us. Rutnam could not think of anything to say, and I was happy.

But he was not convinced by Great-grandfather's reply. Though he continued to attend the story-telling, and enjoyed it as much as anyone else, he adopted a superior attitude about it afterward, much to my annoyance and Singam's.

"Oh you will find out," he threatened.

ONE SULTRY afternoon, my brothers and I were two-a-bed for our siesta. We were used to sharing since we often camped, all in a bed roll, in the jungle. We were bored. The afternoon breeze rustled the mango leaves pleasantly, but no sleep would come.

"Let us ask Great-grandfather for a story," Singam said.

"Oh no," brother Rutnam replied, "he will be resting." Singam and I jumped out of bed all the same and went, followed by Rutnam. Nayagam, who trailed us wherever we went, waddled more slowly behind. He was only three years old at the time.

We entered the *salai* and saw Great-grandfather lounging in the Singapore chair, a newspaper spread on his chest. He stared at us with wide-open eyes, guessing the nature of our mission.

"Please, Great-grandfather, a story!" I said.

"A story!" he grunted. "You should be asleep."

"But we can't sleep," I said.

He looked sternly at us. "Don't you know what is happening?"

"What?" Rutnam asked.

"The devil is out collecting children in his sack on his annual holiday. You'd better get back to bed and sleep!" he said, and Nayagam looked frightened.

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"How do you know?" Rutnam asked.

"I can tell!"

That settled it for me. "Let us hide," I said, and grabbing Nayagam by his hand ran back to our room. We climbed into bed and covered ourselves with thick blankets, although it was hot. To this day I can remember the exact color of that sweltering darkness. My ears were alert to sounds outside, and I kept thinking of the devil going his rounds, his sack full of children.

"Can you hear the devil?" Nayagam asked.

"No!" I replied, swallowing hard.

We must have sat there for about half an hour. I wondered why Rutnam and Singam had not come in with us.

"Big Brother," I called, "are you there?" But there was no reply. Finally I rushed out of the room, followed by Nayagam. I would have been glad to see anybody at that moment.

"Have you seen Singam and Big Brother?" I asked Mother, who was in her room playing a dice game with a friend.

"No. What's the matter?" she asked.

"The devil is stealing children to eat them!" shouted Nayagam.

"Did Great-grandfather tell you that?" Mother asked.

"Yes."

"You silly children! Don't you know Great-grandfather *makes up* most of his stories?"

"No!" I said incredulously.

"Yes, he makes them up. And only very old people believe in magic, as he does. I don't believe in demons, and neither should you. Now go back and get some sleep."

I was astonished by Mother's lack of concern. Rutnam walked in as I was sitting in our room thinking it all over. And then in a flash it struck me! If Mother didn't believe in demons, they couldn't possibly exist!

"Hullo!" Rutnam said, "still busy giving the *pootham* the slip?"

"Where is Singam?" I aked.

"I don't know," he said.

"But he was with you."

"I dared him to come out for a walk with me, and he did. I called at Velu's for a young coconut, and then he just disappeared. I suppose he is hiding from the devil."

"Come on, let's look for him," I said. "What if he has run away to Jaffna Town?"

We went looking for him in the *salai*. "Have you seen Singam anywhere, Great-grandfather?" Rutnam asked him.

"He has run away. He is hiding from the Devil," Nayagan told him.

"Oh, is he? Well then, let's look for him," he said, rising from the Singapore chair.

We searched for him at the servants' cottages, the farmers' cottages, and finally at the tree climber's.

"He was with your Big-Great-Grandson a short while ago, but he didn't stay for a coconut," the tree climber said.

"Which way did he go?" Great-grandfather asked.

"I don't know! He merely said 'I am going now' when I brought down the coconuts, and ran out of the gate. I will help you to look for him! Gundu! Luxman!" Velu called to his sons, and they came out of the cottage. "Gundu, you go to the Junction to see whether Little Brother

Singam is there, and you, Luxman, go to the Stone House!"

We went with Velu and asked at the nearby cottages. No one had seen Singam. We then skirted the estate, thinking we might see him somewhere in the distance. We didn't know where to look next.

AND THEN we found him. We were in the tamarind grove near the tree climber's. And as we passed the thick trunk of its oldest and noblest tree, there he was on the other side, as still as a statue. He looked like a small Buddha, sitting right in the middle of the cabalistic figure Great-grandfather had drawn there the previous day. He had planted an iron rod off a scrap heap inside it. Singam made no attempt to get up. He seemed frozen to the spot.

Great-grandfather stared at him thoughtfully, and then helped him up. "What are you up to?" he asked.

"Keeping the devil off," he chattered. "I must take the iron home."

After that I was filled with doubts about Great-grandfather's world of magic. "You will find out!" Rutnam had threatened, and so I had. Singam's continuing faith, so boldly expressed, made no difference. Though I continued to enjoy his stories, in a different way, Mother had destroyed the excitement and wonder for me, and it was lost forever. It joined the other childhood illusions I had lost—for instance, that the house lizard with its chirping can warn people of danger, or that the cobra grows a diamond in its head which it spits out each night and carefully guards, and which is the most valuable in the world if any man can find it.

THE LAST TIME I saw Great-grandfather was in 1937, when he was past his hundredth year. The village magician was there, drinking his arrack, sitting on a chair this time. Great-grandfather looked older and milder, and in fact, a nice old man. He was glad to see me.

I reminded him of the day he had told us the demon was collecting children in his sack. He looked at me with his faded, brown eyes, forgetfully, not really knowing which of his innumerable great-grandchildren I was, and then said, "I believe he was!" He flicked his thumb at the magician and added, "Now you are big, perhaps he will teach you some of his *mantrams* [magic incantations]."

The magician giggled, holding his head to one side, as he always did when Great-grandfather talked to him. When Grandfather-with-the-Beard walked in, he took the situation in at a glance. "Still talking of magic?" he asked good-humoredly.

A year later Great-grandfather was dead—of old age. I was in England. I remembered the village magician then. He must have been one of the most bereft of all.

Though Great-grandfather's tomb in our village has no lamp burning over it all night, as his daughter's has, I feel sure, as the old wives of Atchuvely say, that the goblins and demons keep well clear of it. They must know that there lies someone who held them at bay for more than a hundred years.

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Double Talk in Art: An Examination of Extremes

MARYA MANNES

A RECENT LOOK at two exhibits of contemporary art and a reading of current art criticism deepened a suspicion that many things are wrong with the state of art here today. Additional confirmation lay in a news item about a bank in Houston deciding not to use three panels that one of America's finest sculptors had designed for it.

The art criticism and the bank's action represented extreme positions: on the one hand that of the nonobjectivists who occupy the most fashionable galleries, dominate contemporary exhibitions in museums, and evoke the greatest critical attention; on the other, the know-nothing attitude of those who condemn art they do not understand by imputing radicalism to the artist. There are these bristling phalanxes of intolerance, these equal arrogances, and the great mass of the public is squeezed into bewilderment. Fortunately for the state of art there are a few artists, often hidden from public view and neglected by fashion, who simply wish to communicate what they see with skill, vision, and humility, proud to move in the great main stream of creative effort.

Meanwhile the ordinary American who loves art is offered few alternatives between, say, a Rockwell cover on the *Saturday Evening Post*—the quintessence of photographic realism—and the magnified Rorschach blots and cat's cradles of the *avant-garde* gallery. The one kind breeds the other. But the void they create between them is the fault, I am now forced to believe, of those who should be the guardians of aesthetic standards and who fail in their duty: the museum directors, the exhibitors, and the art critics. Even the most alert among them, in their fear of missing a bet, of being considered reactionary or narrow or selective, present an indiscriminate cross section of contemporary art, saying merely: "This is what artists are doing today." This is accounting, not criticism. It is a catalogue; it provides no aesthetic standards by which the public can learn the difference between the genuine and the spurious. Instead, the prestige of exhibition itself endows a work of sculpture, or painting, or drawing, with an importance and a significance that it may in no way deserve. This prominence is then compounded by the critics, as fearful as the exhibitor of applying aesthetic standards or confessing confusion.

Nuts, Bolts, Potlids

The current Whitney Museum of Modern Art annual exhibition is a case in point. It contains a number of excellent works, many by such well-known "objective" artists as William Zorach, Chaim Gross, José de Creeft, and Dorothea Greenbaum, and a few by "nonobjective" sculptors whose work may not communicate as directly, but who obviously know and care what they are doing, whether they experiment with iron, wood, or space. But there are as many concoctions—I can think of no other word—that are, by any standards except the most doctrinaire and cultish "nonobjective" ones, pure nonsense: assemblages of rusty junk (literally nuts, bolts, and potlids) or constructions of raw wood and rope, which could be materials for artistic expression but too frequently are employed as a form of private therapy for the artist and shock treatment for the public.

The same is true of the drawings. Along with delicately felt and highly evocative interpretations of natural forms are blotted, runny areas where accident substitutes for intention.

'Using the Rubbish'

But how, then, is such an exhibition presented to the reading public? Here are some comments in a review printed in *Art News* and written by Fairfield Porter:

"An artist today concerned with subject, as abstract artists are much more than realist artists, but finding no universal subjects, and noticing further the current prestige of anthropology, realizes how these subjects once existed and may even survive now in some parts of the world."

And further: "Relational sculpture is non-tactile and not usually sensual. It spreads out like a landscape. It contains in itself the artist's awareness that the world is bigger than this one piece of art in which the artist will not permit himself to get lost."

Perhaps Mr. Porter speaks most accurately when he says of one artist exhibiting in the show: "Stankiewicz assimilates life to art by using the rubbish that is at hand . . ." In this particular case the rubbish remains rubbish.

Later in the same magazine are brief reviews of other nonobjective artists which contain such passages as these:

"Harold Town experiments with madly buzzing intricacies, machinery zooming endlessly like gnats yet tethered to the painter's space."

"His [Leon Golub's] imagination has a powerful movement, dense but efficacious, expressing itself in moody impasto, mussed-up colors that arrive at a dark, unexpected subtlety, and massy, magnified, semi-transparent forms occupying their large areas in cramped attitudes like the buried dead or unborn beings."

"Alfred Leslie's two wall-sized oils renew his visualization of organically felt, vertical black and white stripes spread-eagled by a palpitant vortex of colors muffled by white."

Is it any wonder that young abstract artists, exhibited as they are and written about this way, begin to talk about their art as they do in an issue of *Art in America* devoted to a current exhibition at the Martha Jackson Gallery called "New Talent in the U.S.A."?

Says one Californian, responsible for several sloppy and murky mood canvases in the show: "I am driven by deep need for a full response to life. This response lies in painting —wherein I confront my total self.

"In painting, a re-creation of nature in terms of her own alchemy, man continually renews his own im-

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age. A secret always made public, but understood alas, too rarely."

Or hear this cry from a young painter of giant bugs, mistily sketched:

"Painting today is not an integral part of society as it was in the past. As the contemporary painter moves toward his goal, he draws himself further and further away from his fellow men, until at last he finds himself in the paradoxical position of having a profound understanding of his environment but no rapport with the majority of people in it . . . But today he must understand and accept the futility of working for a hostile or an indifferent public."

And then this revealing statement from another young artist: "Since the act of creation is the most important thing and I am proud of the challenges extended and accepted in it, I have no real compulsion to display the traces of the pure act in 'finish.'"

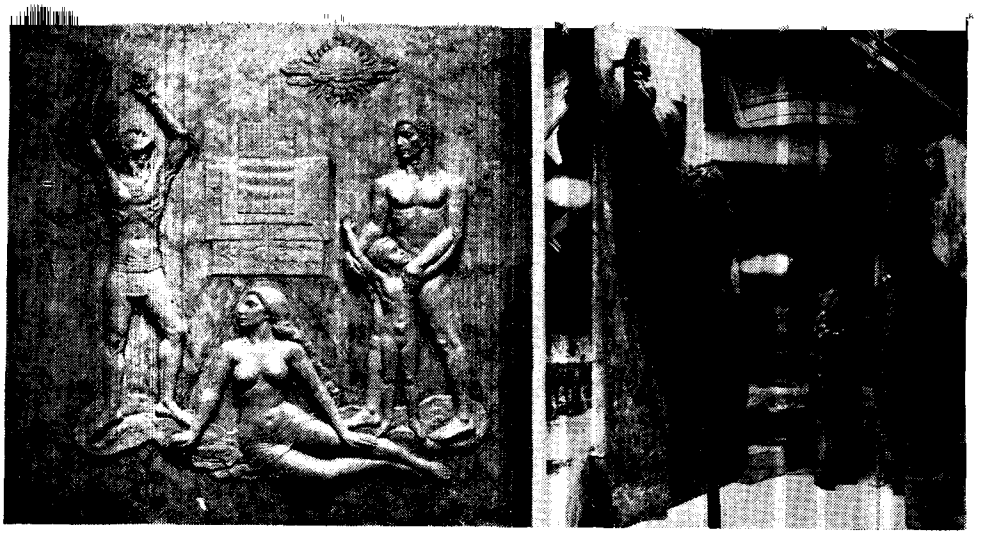
Zorach and the Bankers

Now we come to the case of William Zorach. Zorach has spent most of his sixty-nine years working in the main stream of art, communicating what he feels, sees, and knows with the heart of the poet and the hands of a craftsman. Affiliated with no group, he has never been fashionable; yet many of his serene and powerful figures are among the best sculpture America has produced.

Now he finds himself in the center of that void between extremes, of no particular interest to the writers and exhibitors of art, who know all, and repudiated by public "patrons" of art, whose artistic judgment apparently is not sure enough to withstand the attack of professional superpatriots.

For more than a year Zorach had been working on huge aluminum panels for the façade of the new Bank of the Southwest in Houston —a $16-million building. His panels, conventionally allegorical but modeled with his usual strength and simplicity, had been approved by the bank officials and for months he had been working on the aluminum surfaces of the giant figures themselves, inch by inch.

On February 15, Zorach received a letter from the architect Kenneth Franzheim, with whom he had worked closely, saying: "We have just been advised this morning by Mr. A. G. McNeese, the new president of the Bank of the Southwest (formerly Second National Bank) that the bank has decided not to proceed with the installation of the sculptures . . . We are very sorry that Mr. McNeese feels so strongly with reference to the matter of sculpture. . . ."



A rejected panel and (right) Zorach at work on figures

Since then Zorach has received a settlement but no elucidation of the reasons for the cancellation, although a vice-chairman of the bank's board of directors, L. R. Bryan, Jr., told the Associated Press that the panels were turned down because the bank had changed its name from the Second National Bank to the Bank of the Southwest, and that the work was "too modern" for the new aluminum-and-granite structure.

To anyone who has seen the Zorach panels and their intended place on the façade, neither explanation makes any sense. What might make sense is that the cancellation of the panels came exactly four days after a column of charges against Zorach appeared in the Dallas *Times-Herald*. These repeated previous accusations of "left-front" affiliations made by a superpatriotic organization, the Dallas Patriotic Council, at the time of an exhibition called "Sports in Art" sponsored by Time Inc., in which several other American artists of established reputation were also attacked. The charges, which should have made no difference anyway, proved to be either wholly false or, in very few cases, entirely inconclusive.

It is hard to find any other than a political reason for the repudiation of the Zorach murals. Yet it could be merely another instance of the abysmal ignorance of a great part of our citizenry as to the place of art in our society and the standards that govern it.

If the custodians and critics and interpreters of art had been less contemptuous of this ignorance and bewilderment, and had embarked on the long and arduous task of dispelling it, the public—in this case the bank directors—might have stuck to their choice. But as long as the arbiters exhibit what they do, write as they do, and keep on talking to themselves as they do, they will only increase misunderstanding, just as they are already increasing the arrogance of many young artists who, whether talented or not, have not yet earned the right to the public exhibition they receive.

'To Be Beautiful'

They could help instead by encouraging young painters who write of their work as does a Latvian-born artist, one of the bright spots in the exhibition of "New Talent in the U.S.A.," who combines human compassion with fine craftsmanship:

"I would like my pictures to be beautiful and though beautiful be a vague term, I cannot find a better one.

"I want them to be beautiful in content, in composition and in the way they are painted, and, without the human face or figure, I am not satisfied with the content.

"I do not want to express any philosophy, I do not want to comment on our time, I simply want to create a world within the picture frame that is ordered and complete and which has something more than objects, pigment, form, and color, something I can only call soul."

People understand that.

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MOVIES: French Stable Takes Win, Place, and Show

GEORGE W. HERALD

CANNES

WHEN the ninth Cannes Film Festival closed on May 10, the major participating nations went home disappointed. Some participants—like Germany and Finland—had already walked out in anger before the end. Not one of them had obtained the recognition it had sought, the jury having given both top awards and a special mention to France.

The choices naturally provoked a good deal of tart comment. Was the foremost international film contest disintegrating into a family affair? Had French Minister of Commerce Jean Lemaire, who sponsored the event, given orders that it had to show a profit for France?

On closer scrutiny, neither of these questions seemed valid. First of all, the eleven-man jury included five foreigners, even if the majority was French. Second, their decisions were based on a very definite concept of what to look for in the crop of 130 entries. The fact was that the leading participants simply had failed to meet that concept or had rubbed the judges the wrong way.

THE AMERICANS arrived with a solid selection of Hollywood hits. But they ought to have known by now that Cannes remains allergic to million-dollar packages, however neatly presented. Neither "I'll Cry Tomorrow" nor "The Harder They Fall" nor the Hitchcock thriller "The Man Who Knew Too Much" managed to sway the judges. They said it was hardly news to them that Mr. Hitchcock could make people's flesh creep.

Even "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," with its fairly sensitive probing into American society, found only a few warm advocates. Seen from Europe, the hardships of middle-class life in Westport and Manhattan didn't look so bad. In the end, America got nothing for its efforts but an award for Susan Hayward's fits of tears.

The British tried the let's-beat-them-over-the-head technique. The Rank Organization flew in an entire planeload of stars, plus its own jazz band, to entertain the mob at half a dozen lavish parties. But the judges resented the display. "They are trying to drown us in their cocktail glasses," they muttered into their beards. (Five of the Cannes judges wore beards.)

As a result, not even Diana Dors —England's answer to Marilyn Monroe—who had counted on snatching

the best-actress award for her performance as a death-cell prisoner in "Yield to the Night," was able to save the day for Rank. The jury preferred to give an honorable mention to "Together," an experimental short about deaf-mute London dockers, whose producers had been snubbed by their own country's delegation.

Even political pressure didn't seem to work any more. The Russians offered "Othello," a handsome Sovcolor adaptation from Shakespeare, with the clear implication that the 1956 Gold Palm was due them because America had received it last year (for "Marty"). But the jury didn't see it that way at all. It put the Russians in their place—third on the list—and gave them to understand that their other entries contained too much propaganda.

The Italians brought some of their tested merchandise—the poverty-is-hell type of movies. But although both "The Lovers" and Vittorio de Sica's "The Roof" (which later won the Catholic Film Prize) seemed perfect examples of the neo-realistic school, they didn't go over with the jury. Some Italian delegates claimed that France was merely taking revenge for an incident that occurred at the Venice Film Festival last year when the organizers of the closing supper had forgotten to reserve tables for the French officials. Somewhat more relevant was the remark of a non-French member of the jury: "Neo-realism isn't so neo any more. Why don't they invent something new?"

A Russian Does the Rumba

The poorest approach was undoubtedly taken by those who tried to sell the judges so-called "resentment pictures," films about outrages committed by some other country. Article 5 of the Festival statutes expressly prohibited reels "apt to offend a nation's feelings or good reputation," but Cannes seemed to have some special attraction for this kind of fare. At any rate, it created more diplomatic incidents this year than ever before.

Great Britain finally consented to withdraw "A Town like Alice," which dealt with Japanese atrocities in Malaya during the Second World War. The French abstained from showing "Night and Fog," which had to do with Nazi concentration camps. The Poles removed a similar movie on the Warsaw ghetto. The Finns abandoned "The Unknown Soldier," on the Finnish-Russian War, but then left Cannes in a huff. The Germans didn't give way: They chose to have their entry "Night Without Stars" officially barred.

Most observers felt that the Germans had some reason to be angry. Their movie had been approved six weeks before by a French commission including a Quai d'Orsay representative. But when it was shown to the Cannes jury with French subtitles, the Russian member objected to a scene where a Red Army sergeant helped an East German girl flee to the West and join her lover. "Our soldiers don't do such things," Soviet delegate Serge Youtke-

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vitch argued. The Germans answered, "We could have been told before," and took the next train home.

In order to avoid such incidents in the future, Cannes considered dropping Article 5 altogether and making next year's meeting a free-for-all. Except for a tendency to use Article 5 like the veto in the U.N., the Soviets seemed to adapt themselves very nicely to western ways in every respect. Their delegation and those of their satellites threw more gay champagne parties this year than any of the capitalist nations. So it was felt that if their pin-up star Irina Skobtzeva could wear Paris fashions and Comrade Youtkevitch could dance a rumba with Ginger Rogers, they might just as well put up with western freedom of expression too.

BUT EVEN if presented freely, "resentment pictures" would have been unlikely to find favor with the Cannes jury. It admitted that such products had their place in the business, as had Hollywood's box-office hits and Italy's slum movies. But they were not the stuff it was after.

"What we were looking for were new forms of cinematographic endeavor," explained U.S. director Otto Preminger, a member of the jury. "We were trying to encourage the daring, the unusual, the venturesome. We wanted to give our Oscars to films of which it could be said that no such movie had ever been made before."

The extraordinary Madrid production "Tarde de Toros" came very close to Preminger's definition. It was generally acknowledged as the best picture on bullfighting ever made, and would have won a prize if some of the judges hadn't been against bullfighting. Mexico's "La Escondida" was also widely admired for its rhythmical sweep and superb photography and missed getting an award by only a few votes.

If the top prizes went instead to three French entries, it was true that all three of them were venturesome and unusual. *"Honi soit qui mal y pense,"* said Mr. Preminger. "The fact that they were French only goes to prove that France remains a leader in the field."

No one indeed could deny that

Commander Cousteau's "World of Silence," which was judged to be the best feature picture, had explored the life of deep-sea fauna and flora more thoroughly than any previous submarine film. Perhaps even more audacious was Henri-Georges Clouzot's "Mystery of Picasso," which won the jury's special prize by unanimous vote. Their admiration was by no means shared by all viewers; wherever Clouzot went in Cannes after the showing of his film, he was greeted by a noisy melange of cheers and catcalls. But there wasn't anybody whom the experiment had left indifferent.

What Clouzot had tried to do was to surprise a genius at work and record the process of artistic creation. For that purpose, he spent $100,000 on special apparatus, stayed three months in Picasso's studio, and had three hundred sessions with him. During each of them, the artist drew or painted on a transparent screen whatever came to his mind, and each movement of his pen or brush was filmed by a camera crew.

The best samples of his output were then spliced together in a movie which changes from black and white to color and from standard screen to CinemaScope according to the needs of the moment. The result is striking even for those who never liked or understood Picasso. One sees Picasso start drawing perfectly intelligible forms and figures. Then suddenly at a certain point he seems to get tired of so much easy mastery and deliberately distorts his objects beyond recognition in order to reduce them to basic elements. The experience is strangely moving.

India's offering, "Pather Panchali," was honored mainly because it was the first major human documentary to come out of that country. And Ingmar Bergman's "A Summer Night's Smiles"—the only full-length movie on the honor list—apparently got its award (in poetic comedy) for confirming all the rumors about love in Sweden. It was a delightful tongue-in-cheek comedy, but it is unlikely to get through the censorship enforced in many countries.

What It Takes to Win

Last but not least, the 1956 Cannes Festival was graced by a color picture that was rated far and wide the best of all entries and bound to become a cinema classic: "The Red Balloon" by Albert Lamorisse. The jury announced that the thirty-five-minute film would have received the Gold Palm if regulations had allowed it to be given to a short subject.

The movie tells the story of little Pascal and a red balloon. The two become fast friends, and the balloon follows its young master everywhere he goes in Paris without being held. It causes an uproar in church and school, and Pascal's friends get jealous and want to catch the marvelous balloon. They finally shoot it down with their slingshots, and it dies. But now all the balloons of Paris rise in revolt, gather around Pascal, and carry him off to the sky.

After seeing this cinematographic poem, René Clair told its author: "I would gladly give all my films for having made this one."

No higher tribute could have been paid to a motion picture. And after "Marty" last year, "The Red Balloon" showed in essence why moviemakers everywhere need more than publicity and money to win an award at the Cannes Film Festival.

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The Theater Criticism Of Mary McCarthy

NORA MAGID

SIGHTS AND SPECTACLES: 1937-1956, by Mary McCarthy. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.*

It is almost disarming to find an author who on the one hand permits herself to be identified on her dust jacket as "quite possibly the cleverest writer the U.S. has ever produced," and on the other warns in her introduction that "What is heard in the early sections is the voice of a young, earnest, pedantic, pontificating critic. The judgments are harsh, though I do not, for the most part, disagree with them. What irritates me is the tone of cocksure, condescending cleverness."

Perhaps it is the insistent pressure of "cleverness" in all its connotations that is Mary McCarthy's nemisis. No one, it is true, can turn a phrase more devastatingly. Her brilliance dazzles. She is as effortlessly and diabolically articulate as most of the playwrights she condemns are not. But too often she nicks herself with her own two-edged sword. Her indictments can quite appropriately be used against her; and pyrotechnics aside—which is not to underrate the pleasure to be derived from a first-class stylist—what she offers us is a mass of willful contradictions and limited evaluations. Where the early judgments are brash, they have the virtue of freshness and compelling honesty. The more recent contributions are less imaginative; they have a tendency to jell into a kind of serious pseudo-academic pretension.

In the 1930's, when she began her column in *Partisan Review*, she must surely have been one of the few not to be taken in by the so-called proletarian drama. She recognized immediately that Clifford Odets, its most strident exponent, was "physically glued to the material of his first play," that he was in effect writing *Awake and Sing* again and again, and resettling "America and even China with citizens of the Bronx." Yet while she was also able to reduce Maxwell Anderson to size not only for his trivial talent and turgid verse but also for his shallow harping on "social justice . . . visualized in terms of the square deal," she disposed of Odet's *Golden Boy* by a curious application of the very same homely formula. "If Mr. Odets's hero were a potentially great violinist, he could have become rich or at least prosperous via the concert stage, and he need never have considered prizefighting as an alternative career." This is a remarkable simplification, socially and artistically, one as naïve as any of Anderson's.

Miss McCarthy takes pride in never having adhered to the Marxist line, but she retains other impedimenta lugged about by some American professional intellectuals. There is much casual reference to "traumatic experience," to "sadistic fantasy," to "aggression," and, repeatedly, to "personal exhibitionism." On this last score, both Irwin Shaw and Ben Hecht take a severe drubbing. Not only was Hecht's supreme confession, *A Child of the Century*, yet to come; so were Mary McCarthy's own *The Groves of Academe* and *A Charmed Life*. Her elegantly malicious summation of Shaw's *Sons and Soldiers* is entirely transferable to her own later novels: "The impulse that produces the work appears to be purely exhibitionistic, the subject of the play or the short story is not a character or a situation or an idea but the author's own cleverness, his modernism, his culture, his irony, his political humanity, and the audience is obliged to complement his performance by itself assuming the part of the *voyeur*."

BOTH MORALLY and artistically, she pays no lip service to popular opinion. William Saroyan, she says (at a time when it was not yet fashionable to say so), "still retains his innocence. It is as valuable to him as an artist as virginity to Deanna Durbin. . ."

Miss McCarthy's aesthetic assumptions can be odd. The Duchess of Malfi is represented as a transition between Ophelia and Lady Macbeth; she is—of all things—"the whole world of ordinary women, of which they are but the poles." The founding of the Actors' Studio is for some reason analogous with rug-hooking therapy in a mental institution. Oddest of all, she is obsessed with a kind of type casting. She complains when Gentiles play Jews, or Americans play Italians. She is also curiously prejudiced against "careerists" in the theater, and readily condemns professionals on this basis, while snobbishly praising amateurs for their "sincerity."

One paradoxical McCarthy limitation seems to be humor. *Born Yesterday*, she notes, "pimps for progressivism, brings sadistic farce and a *PM* editorial into closer association than one would have thought possible." *Harvey* is dissected heavily in terms of psychic realities and—surprisingly—the New Testament. Shock value aside, there would appear to be a peculiar blind spot here. Oscar Wilde in particular sticks in her craw. She finds him monstrous, insolent, depraved. *Lady Windermere's Fan* she calls "as pretty and professional as a box of French chocolates. The Cecil Beaton sets have the succulent vulgarity of a Wilde epigram; the ladies' costumes seem to have been dipped in those vegetable dyes used for frostings and are as dainty and miraculous as if they were squeezed out of a pastry tube. The play, too, is like some expensive confection, hard and shiny on the outside, and soft and runny at the center." The beauty of this is that Oscar might have said it.

Aside from Shakespeare and Chekhov, whom does Miss McCarthy admire? Not any of the "successful" American playwrights certainly, on grounds of "oily virtuosity" and linguistic ineptitude. Not Kaufman or Hart or Hellman or Odets or Abbott or Blitzstein (whose "acrid personality" distresses her). There is acknowledgment of O'Neill's power in the face of his lack of know-how, and a certain tentative praise for Thornton Wilder—though surely no critic

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ever has spoken more arrogantly than she when she airily dismisses the third act of *Our Town* for its "rather imprecise and inapposite definitions of the nature of the afterlife." *The Skin of Our Teeth* seems both in mechanics and in point to have escaped her entirely.

O'Neill she criticizes for having been in *The Iceman Cometh* an "incompetent reporter" because none of his alcoholics have hangovers. Sartre gets the treatment for the opposite reason. Not only is his sense of sin too rudimentary; he is too much the observer. "Those older writers who were not existentialists had, even in their failing moments, a less journalistic sense of the horror of existence."

George Kelly is shrugged off as a "unique case . . . a box-office success, an esoteric excitement, a name utterly unregarded by the serious intellectual public, which imagines in all probability that he is George Kaufman." It is unlikely that the serious intellectual public thinks anything of the kind, and almost as unlikely that Mr. Kelly is really "the queerest writer on view in America," for whom stage business, ad-libbing, and inanity are everything.

Her dismissal of Tennessee Williams is similarly cavalier. Not everyone would agree that his is no more than "a cave-world . . . inhabited by inarticulate, ape-like individuals groping for words," and surely he is more than a writer whose "work reeks of literary ambition as the apartment [in *Streetcar*] reeks of cheap perfume." It is still more shallow, out of her own impatience with the symbol, to reduce Ibsen to a mere manipulator of the "Freudian" cliché. "The allusive, hinting language employed by Gregers [*The Wild Duck*] is the language of all messianic individuals and interfering, paranoid prophets. And like Hjalmar's sentimental flow of metaphor, it is the language of bad art, art that is really religion or edification." In Ibsen's favor she is able to claim only that he was the first to put neurotic women on the stage, though the theater has been, since its beginnings, all too full of them.

If Miss McCarthy's perception were as deep as her tongue is sharp, this stimulating book would be a better one, and she would rank among the more creative critics.

Seven Guides To Better Listening

ROGER MAREN

THE LISTENER'S MUSICAL COMPANION, by B. H. Haggin. *Rutgers University Press. $6.*

WHAT TO LISTEN FOR IN MUSIC, by Aaron Copland. *McGraw-Hill. $4.50.*

THE STRUCTURE OF MUSIC: A LISTENER'S GUIDE, by Robert E. Erickson. *The Noonday Press. $4.*

OUR MUSICAL HERITAGE, by Curt Sachs. *Prentice-Hall. $6.65.*

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC, by Percy A. Scholes. *Oxford. $19.*

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC, by Percy A. Scholes. *Oxford. $6.*

THE HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC, by Willi Apel. *Harvard. $8.50.*

"Appreciation of music," according to the *Harvard Dictionary,* is a term that "has come to be accepted as a name for a type of musical training designed to develop in the seriously interested amateur an ability to listen intelligently to the music which he is likely to encounter in concert performances and in broadcast reproductions and thus to enhance the pleasure and satisfaction he may derive from listening to music." The dictionary goes on to say: "This type of musical education . . . has frequently been criticized as leading to superficiality and presumption, without providing that thorough training which the professional considers indispensable. Such criticism is not justified, however, except in special cases of incapacity and abuse which, one must admit, have not been rare. As a principle, the idea of providing a special type of training for the average music lover is sound and more deserving of constructive cooperation than of adverse criticism. . ."

QUITE TRUE. But as far as books are concerned, the special cases of incapacity and abuse constitute a large part of the total output. The average work in this genre is an inaccurate jumble of history, biography, and "analysis" which is really nothing but adulation of symphonic war horses plus small doses of garbled and useless technical information. The writing, more often than not, contains some heady stuff. "At the beginning," a sample passage tells us, "the piano emerges gently from dreams; this is truly Beethoven improvising. Two romantic themes, renunciation and hope, are gradually developed. When, after an orchestral interlude, the piano is heard again solo, it is as if a butterfly rose ecstatically from its cocoon. There are no fortissimos here, and when the call to new adventures sounds, the butterfly sinks back, dreaming. The whole thing is wrapped in dark red velvet; at times it is as if one were caressing it with one's hands."

In addition to such ecstasy, there is usually missionary work for the standard classical repertory—a strong intimation that you *ought* to adore the Three Bs because they are a Good Thing. These passages are often couched in an overly familiar and friendly style. "It's not so hard; you can do it if you try," the authors seem to be saying. "Don't be afraid of the classics," writes one; not only are they harmless, but they differ from popular music only in their durability.

An Innocuous *Companion*

Given such twaddle as the norm, one is forced to notice B. H. Haggin's book as exceptional. *The Listener's Musical Companion* is neither highly inaccurate nor foolish. It is not pious about the classics, and, in fact, only one of the Three Bs is left securely on his pedestal. Bach begins to teeter and Brahms is abruptly knocked off. There are no butterflies or velvet, and the style is not offensively patronizing. Furthermore, Haggin is neither uninformed nor insensitive. The work, in short, is a rare item—an appreciation book that one can read without positive distaste.

To be useful, however, it would

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have to be more than that. Unfortunately, it isn't. The author writes a bit about criticism and the meaning of music in a rather pedestrian manner, and then discusses the work of a number of composers. The hope is that these critical discussions will animate the listener and help him to hear things he may have missed. But the discussions are rarely more than verbal descriptions of what no attentive listener could miss. The criticism is either merely opinion or rather unenlightening comparison. "And in the slow movement of the Quintet Op. 163," Haggin writes in a typical passage, "we hear the sublimity of other writing of Schubert's last year—most notably the opening pages of the posthumous Sonata in B flat, which communicates a final illumination such as we hear in Beethoven's last sonatas." Inoffensive and quite cultured, yes. But it is hard to see how such writing could help one to listen with increased intelligence.

Technique and Aesthetics

The trouble is that *The Listener's Musical Companion* is not technical enough. As the English critic D. F. Tovey pointed out repeatedly, it is very hard to draw the line between the technical and the aesthetic. Such things as binary form, fugue, deceptive cadences, and so on are not merely devices; they constitute essential parts of music and have aesthetic significance for anyone who hears them. To put it more extremely, music has little significance for anyone who does not hear them. The whole meaning of the opening of the slow movement of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, for example, is lost to anyone who does not hear it as a canon between violins and bass. For that is one of the things the music *is* at that moment.

Not that one must become esoteric about music. The average listener can and does perceive the effect of such technical procedures all the time, whether or not he knows their nomenclature or can describe them. Anyone who gets a feeling of musical satisfaction at the close of a symphonic movement is probably reacting to the formal structure. If the structure were not clearly perceived, the ending would not seem so satisfactory and the piece might just as well have stopped abruptly in the middle—as was often the case in the days of 78-r.p.m. records when one jumped up frantically to turn the record and get on with the development section before the mind lost the thread of continuity. The trick in music appreciation is to sensitize the listener—to open his ears—so that he will perceive a greater number of both simple and complex technical (aesthetic) situations.

How to turn this trick is, of course, a difficult problem, and many professional musicians prefer to avoid it. With a good deal of serious listening, they say, the amateur will naturally develop keener perception. No amount of reading can substitute for attentive listening. Furthermore, not only is comprehensive technical knowledge unnecessary to anyone other than composer or performer, but to acquire it takes years of practice and study. The best one could do for an amateur would be to serve

up technical tidbits. And these are essentially useless because, no matter how interesting in themselves, they transmit no really firm knowledge. Exposure to them merely robs the amateur of his fresh approach and may turn him into a snob.

Although most of this is quite true, it serves mainly to beg the question. The problem remains: If keen perception of technical details is important to the listener, can music appreciation be of any use? If so, how does one go about acquiring it? Haggin is aware of the problem and makes a weak gesture toward dealing with it in two chapters on musical procedures and forms. But these chapters are rather perfunctory and Haggin is apologetic about them. In the preface he tells us that we may skip them if we wish. Once again, while avoiding a pitfall of the standard appreciation book—presentation of useless technical tidbits—Haggin also neglects to include much that could be constructive.

Shape and Structure

Aaron Copland is much bolder. In *What to Listen For in Music* he comes to grips with the problem immediately and stays with it until the last page. He says in his chapter on "How We Listen," "Besides the pleasurable sound of music and the expressive feeling that it gives off, music does exist in terms of the notes themselves and of their manipulation. Most listeners are not sufficiently conscious of this . . . It will be largely the business of this book to make them aware of music on this plane." Copland's method is first to discuss the creative process in music, then four musical elements—rhythm, melody, harmony, and tone color—and, finally, structure. This is a rather standard procedure, but Copland's lucid and engaging style plus his ability to distinguish between important and trivial matters makes the book extraordinarily successful. Only the section on the elements of music is of dubious value, since it deals with what we have called technical tidbits. But even these are presented in an interesting fashion.

The core of the book—the section on structure—is one of the best of its kind. While discussing most of the forms of classical music, Copland carefully avoids a formalistic approach. Forms are described less as molds than as basic shapes that pieces tend to assume when certain structural devices are used. The value of this for the listener is that he is made aware of the *kinds* of structure that exist in music. When listening to a piece, a layman who has digested this information is bound to hear many familiar procedures taking place. It should then be much easier for his ear to organize them into a coherent structure. And since musical structure always has an expressive effect, he should find himself deriving much more pleasure from what he hears—provided, of course, that he does not find the expressive effect unpleasant.

The basic assumption behind Copland's emphasis on structure is that "Almost anyone can more readily distinguish melodies and rhythms, or even harmonies, than the structural background of a lengthy piece of music." This is probably true for

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most classics and for the more accessible modern works. But it is not true for older music and most contemporary music. The structure of many old and new pieces may be quite simple, yet the music may seem unapproachable because "It has no melody," or "There's no rhythm." Even in classical works, the fact that melodies, rhythms, and harmonies are more readily distinguished does not mean that they are easily distinguished. And it is obvious that one can not get any satisfaction from the structure of a piece unless these other elements are clearly perceived.

For this reason, Robert Erickson has directed his attention in *The Structure of Music: A Listener's Guide* to a study of music in terms of melody and counterpoint.

This may seem like a forbidding business to the layman, but the book is quite approachable. The only special requirement is a rudimentary ability to read musical notation, or the possession of a friend or relative who has the ability and is willing to play the examples. This, however, is not a fault but a necessity in any book that gets as close to musical detail as this one does. As Erickson correctly states, "Analysis and discussion help us to understand the procedures, at least in an intellectual way, but to feel these relations only the ear is of use." And a writer has no way to present detailed material for the ear except through musical notation.

Coherence in Counterpoint

Copland can keep notation to a minimum because he is dealing with large structural sections that can easily be picked out on a record or at a concert performance. Erickson's method is to discuss briefly certain fundamental characteristics of melodic and contrapuntal detail, and to illustrate them with quotations from pieces whose surface qualities are quite unlike.

Erickson's examples are carefully chosen and cover many periods of music history. Melodic expansion, for example, is illustrated by passages from Webern (twentieth century) and Dufay and Ockeghem (fifteenth century) as well as from Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Interval tension is illustrated by music of Purcell and Krenek; ground bass by Mozart, Bach, and Alban Berg. One is led to hear the expressive effect of certain devices first in familiar (easy) passages and then in unfamiliar (difficult) ones. The result of following the discussion and the examples is that one begins to hear coherence in what first appeared to be chaos. New and strange music begins to make more sense; old, familiar music begins to have greater significance.

It might be possible for a reader to learn from this book merely the nature of some techniques and the fact that they are found everywhere in music. But this is unlikely. It is hard to see how any sensitive reader could finish the book without increased ability to assimilate exciting musical experiences that had previously been closed to him. *The Structure of Music* is a first-rate job. It does what an appreciation book should do—cultivate the ear.

Anything else is trimming. Although the ordinary appreciation book deals with biography, history, and curious anecdotes, these are of little aid to perceptive listening. They are important for other reasons, of course, and none of us would want to do without them. There are much better sources than appreciation books, however. For history, the average listener could not do much better than Curt Sachs's *Our Musical Heritage*. In a clear, unfussy manner the author traces the essential trends and styles from the earliest to the most recent music. Unlike many histories, which concentrate on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and relegate everything else to slim chapters on "pre-Bach" and modern music, this one gives fairly equal space to all phases of musical development. Study of the lives and personalities of composers and the more involved details of particular periods are absent, but each chapter closes with a good bibliography of material for more extensive study. Sachs's book is an excellent short history, neatly enough arranged for looking things up quickly and written engagingly enough to be read as a narrative.

Three Books of Reference

For information about composers, styles, periods, instruments, terms,

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techniques, all sorts of curiosa—in fact, almost anything having even the most tenuous relation to music—Percy Scholes's *Oxford Companion to Music* is one of the best books available. Its broad scope and careful scholarship would be enough to recommend it, but in the 1200 double-column pages of this unique one-volume encyclopedia there are enough good stories, fascinating ideas, and witty remarks to make it a delight to read. It is so packed with short, quickly garnered gems that if it were not so useful near the phonograph or music stand, the best location for it in most homes would be the bedside table.

It is well illustrated with diagrams, musical examples, and about a thousand pictures. Arranged in dictionary form and carefully cross-indexed, it also contains a synoptic guide "showing how, in addition to the use of the volume as a book of reference, the dispersed articles upon various branches of the subject may, if desired, be read as a series of concise comprehensive surveys of the different aspects of the art."

For those who want less bulk or for those with less money, Scholes has made a *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music*—a reduction of the big book with some new biographical entries about performers, conductors, and critics.

ANOTHER excellent reference work is Willi Apel's *Harvard Dictionary of Music*. It does not have the entertainment value of Scholes but it is irreproachable from the scholar's point of view and contains some information that is either lacking or not so fully treated in the *Oxford Companion*. Its most notable advantage over the Oxford book is that each article contains excellent bibliographical references.

The really devoted and curious listener would probably want to have both big reference books. Few questions that are likely to come up in a lifetime of listening could not be answered by one or the other.

A Statue Come to Life

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

OLYMPIO: THE LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO, by André Maurois. *Harper. $5.95.*

There is hardly a city of any consequence in France that does not have a street named Victor Hugo or his statue in a public garden. His romantic works for the theater are largely neglected, but the people in his novels endure—Quasimodo and Esmeralda still haunt the towers of Notre Dame; the policeman Javert still pursues Jean Valjean—and as for his poetry, no French boy gets through school without being compelled to learn some of it by heart.

In 1881, Hugo, nearly eighty, stood at his window in the Avenue d'Eylau while Parisians by the thousands paraded in the street cheering him. They were applauding the poet, the playwright, the novelist, but what they most admired in him was that he exemplified their own contentment. Like Hugo, the nation had survived the exhausting grandeur of Napoleon the Great, the humiliating letdown of Napoleon the Little, along with interludes of civil strife. Now France had its counterpart of Victorian complacency—it would end soon enough—and the cheering Parisians felt they could rest awhile. In spite of having at one time or another shared in most of their political weaknesses, the white-bearded old man at his window had endured exile under that one of the two Napoleons who was the safer to provoke. He was a republican and, comfortably, a hero. His admirers were republicans; his presence and prestige assured them that their own republicanism was heroic too.

No Frenchman since Hugo has succeeded in re-creating such an extraordinary amalgam of writer and public figure.

AFTER 1914 Hugo's poetry was no longer in fashion. There was too much of it, and to modern taste it seemed too romantic, talkative, emphatic, and pleased with itself. Yet recently, for two reasons, Hugo is being read again. After fifty years of Mallarmé, Valéry, and Breton, after a period in which poetry, to be at all respected, had to be exceedingly difficult to read and philosophically important, Hugo's profusion and prodigal strength reveal a sort of poetical health that modern writers do not seem to possess. The second reason for his return to favor is a paradox: He is, technically speaking, the innovator who made modern poetry possible.

One is forced to use the word "genius." Victor Hugo made poetry out of everything—out of the Battle of Waterloo, out of his morning cup of coffee, out of happiness and sorrow, out of youth and old age. He wrote of disaster, despair, shame, and terror, for, as he said, "Joy is the fruit of the great tree of our grief." He wrote about politics, for a writer's genius often needs politics to kindle its indignation and flame. He wrote about the worlds circling in space, the stars, and God, encompassing them all in the undisciplined fervor of his boundless imagination.

ANDRE MAUROIS is a first-rate biographer, one of those who seem to be inventing a man's life while they relate it. But what he knows about Hugo comes from long and patient work. There is one aspect of the poet's life on which Maurois barely touches, Hugo's brother died insane. Hugo himself felt terribly close to the abyss. Sometimes he speaks with the anguish of one who has looked long into it. Just before his death he said, "I see a dark light." To say that such a terror is inherent in genius is to take the easy way out. Hugo's anguish redeems all that was too facile in his writing, in his politics and philosophy, and in his loves.

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Literary Guide to Britain

(Take it with you when you go)

KING ARTHUR. Sir Thomas Malory and Alfred, Lord Tennyson, immortalized this spot on the romantic Cornish coast. Here at Tintagel Castle is where King Arthur is said to have been born.

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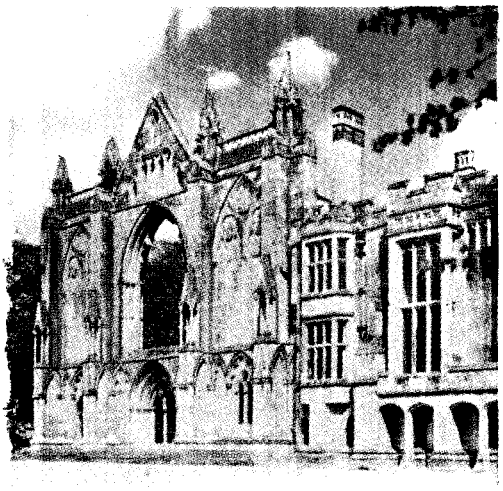

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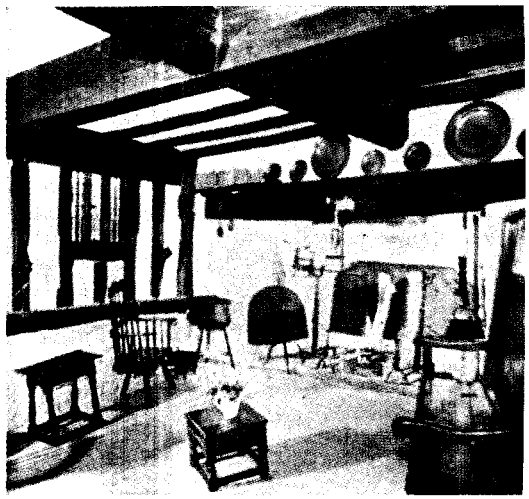

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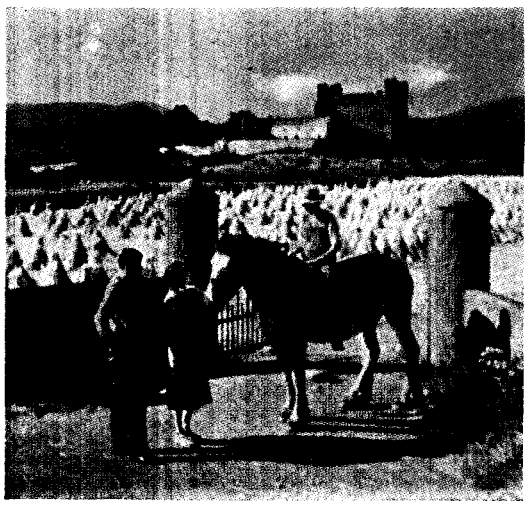

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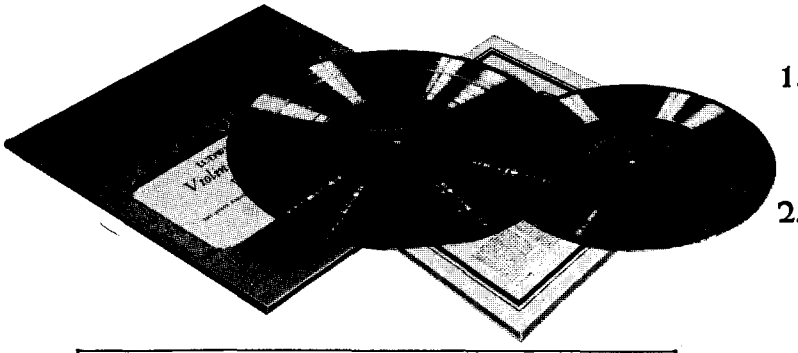

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